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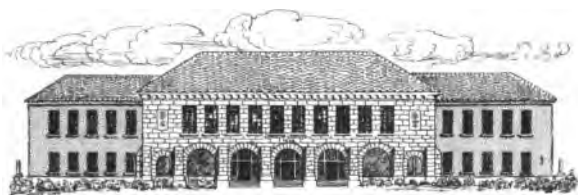
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THE KENDALL SERIES OF READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

CALVIN N. KENDALL, LL.D.

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

NEW JERSEY

AND

MARION PAINE STEVENS, B.S.

(TEACHERS COLLEGE)

ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL

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TO THE TEACHER

THE contents of the Kendall Fourth Reader are arranged so as to develop interest in reading and to stimulate thought. This is done in three ways: first, by supplying much longer selections than are customary in a Fourth Reader; second, by grouping the shorter selections under appropriate headings; and third, by basing much of the subject matter upon a central thought — that of Heroism and Physical Courage, a theme peculiarly suited to boys and girls of Fourth Reader age.

The note of patriotic Americanism is struck in the first selections on the flag. These are followed by "What to Do for Uncle Sam," which suggests the practical side of patriotism.

Elsewhere in the book are a number of stories from American colonial history: "The Christmas Candle"; the account of Penn's treaty with the Indians; the biography of Boone, the great American pioneer; and stories about George Washington.

Other selections furnish a historical background in story form. "The Adventures of Ulysses" and "Norse Stories" hark back to the childhood of the race. "How Leif Ericsson Discovered Vineland" tells of exploration and discovery. "Glimpses of Eastern Lands" introduces the reader to boys and girls of distant countries.

But these do not crowd out "just stories" of all types. There are folk stories from many countries, tales of fancy, tales of heroism, and such good modern fiction as "Old Pipes" by Frank R. Stockton.

There are a number of whimsical and humorous selections in both prose and verse. In addition to the nonsense rhymes, the pupils become acquainted with the famous Wise Men of Gotham

and with the delightful Peterkin family created by Lucretia Hale.

The nature pieces include legends, poems of summer and winter, selections by Lowell and Henry Abbey for Arbor Day, Tennyson's "Brook," and "The Bath of the Birds" by Richard Jeffries.

"Dick Whittington" and "The Story of the Months" are written in dramatic form. In addition, many other selections may readily be adapted for dramatization.

Longfellow has been chosen as "the poet of the year." Both descriptive and story poems suited to the grade are given, including "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," said to be "among the few modern ballads that are worthy of comparison with the minstrelsy of old."

The last section, "Poems to Read and Learn by Heart," contains sixteen memory selections from the world's great poets.

There are in all over one hundred titles in the Reader, more than half of which center around the theme of Heroism and Physical Courage.

The book is commended to all who desire fine literature, and a wide variety of stirring, new, and interesting material.

The Study Helps at the end of the book are for the pupils' use.

Detailed helps for the teacher may be found in the Manual, "Teaching What to Read and How to Read It," which accompanies all the later books of the Kendall series, beginning with the Third Reader.

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FOURTH READER

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG

CHARLES F. DOLE

Let us use our imagination and take a journey all the way from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Ocean to Alaska. We shall see our flag floating over schoolhouses and government buildings, over post-offices and custom-houses, over forts and navy yards. We shall find it on all the holidays above many a house and store and shop. We shall see the little flags that friends on Memorial Day have placed on the graves of soldiers and sailors.

Let us now cross the seas, and we shall still find the flag in many a distant foreign harbor. It will be seen in the great cities of Europe and Asia, showing where American ambassadors and consuls and other agents of our government may be found by their countrymen. It will fly over grand hotels where American travelers are staying. It will be seen upon ships and steamers as men sail the distant seas. Wherever we see it, a warm and friendly feeling thrills our hearts.

What does the flag with its bright colors mean, that millions of children should salute it in their schools, and that grown men should be willing to take off their hats in its presence?

The flag means the union of all our people throughout all our states and territories. The men of the South and the men of the North, the men of the East and the men of the West, all fly the same flag. It is a sign that we are one people.

What does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government with its laws and its officers, that will not let any one be oppressed. We are all pledged to give everyone in the land justice and equal liberty. We are pledged to give all children a chance to be educated. The flag is the sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us, if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people. Once strangers were liable to abuse when they traveled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and a command to every one of us to stand by the government. Suppose every citizen wanted the help of the government for himself. Suppose all the people expected the government to provide for them. This would be as if everyone in a house expected to be waited upon by the others. Who would do the work of the house, if

everyone thought only of what the others ought to do for him?

The truth is, the government depends upon every one of us. The flag tells us, not of a pledge that some one else has made, but a pledge that we have made ourselves. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that we will stand by the common country; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false or dishonest. We devote ourselves to America to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.

The flag has for us one other message. It has been carried over fields of battle. Men have shouted "Victory" under it. But it is not a flag of war. It is a flag of peace. It does not mean hate to any other people. It is a sign of brotherhood and goodwill to all nations. Americans purpose to conquer by kindness, by justice, by simple truthfulness. Good Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier, and better.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

I give my head and my heart to my Country—one Country, one Language, and one Flag.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white —
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds —
Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed —
Red and blue and white.
The one flag — the great flag — the flag for me and you —
Glorified all else beside — the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag —
A blessing in the sky;

Your hope and my hope —

It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

WHAT TO DO FOR UNCLE SAM

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Who is our Uncle Sam?

No one knows exactly when our Uncle Sam came first. Probably it was on a Fourth of July long ago, when the Declaration of Independence was signed. No one has ever shaken hands with Uncle Sam, but we know him from the crown of his beaver hat to his old-fashioned shoes. We have seen only his picture, but he speaks to us in the greatest word of our land: Patriotism.

For a good many years we thought that Uncle Sam was so busy at Washington with the President, the Senate, and Congress, and the Army and the Navy that he had little time to come to visit us in our town. There seemed to be nothing for boys and girls to do when he did visit them at the head of a parade of soldiers but to wave the Stars and Stripes, and cheer. But the United States grew, and the cities grew, and more and more people found that our country was a fine place in which to live. Uncle Sam put on his seven league boots and went into every state of the Union and into every town, no matter how small, helping the people to establish their own laws

that would keep the whole country safe, and good, and clean.

Uncle Sam spends most of his time at Washington, but he is apt to visit you any day. When he comes he will have much to tell you of the great place among the nations that he is making for the United States. He will ask you to help him. Most important will it be for you to have your home and your school and your town safe, and good, and clean, to welcome your Uncle Sam. He comes all the way from Washington to your town, because he needs your help, right here at home. You wouldn't fail your own uncle; neither will you fail Uncle Sam. Boys and girls can build a great nation from their own doorsteps. Wave the Stars and Stripes, and go to work to-day for Uncle Sam.

How to be a Good Citizen

When our American Nation began as a free country, Uncle Sam found that he had a very large family to look after. It was like a great house, every one of the states being a room in it. There had to be certain rules made that each member of this American family should keep. So Uncle Sam, through the Congress and Senate at Washington, enacted a body of general laws that the whole country would be better off and safer for keeping. The different states make their own laws, too, and so do the cities and towns of the United States. And the National laws have to be changed from time to time, especially in time of war. Uncle Sam says, "*Obey the law.*"



VIEW OF WASHINGTON FROM AN AEROPLANE

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The more our country grows and the more riches and power it finds, the more property it has. If you travel far enough through the United States, you will see almost everything that is in fairy tales. We have public buildings of marble and gold, with pictures and furnishings as beautiful as any castle. Our gold, and silver, and silks would make a prince or a princess open his eyes. Aladdin himself never thought of such great ships, wonderful airplanes, racing automobiles, and sky-scraping buildings as we make. Uncle Sam owns forests and parks that a king might dream of. We are very generous with whatever the public owns. Public libraries, parks, schools, museums, playgrounds, baths, hospitals, and homes for the poor are paid for by a few people, and are free to a great many. Uncle Sam asks the American people, though, to *take good care of public property.*

The word united means together. The United States is a huge family that keeps together as well as it can. You can ride on the same railroad through several states. A good many of the states believe in doing the same acts of kindness to horses and dogs in the streets. They all honor the Stars and Stripes, use the same money, speak the same language, vote for the same President and honor him, and have their own particular stars in Old Glory.

So Uncle Sam has made us the great United States that we are by his plan of *coöperation.*

There are three ways by which boys and girls can help Uncle Sam, at home, in a game, at school, or out in the street. Somebody who knows more than you, who is

older, and who has had more experience, makes a rule. It is your father, your teacher, the baseball coach, the town alderman, or Uncle Sam. By keeping this rule you are living up to Uncle Sam's first requirement for citizenship, which is to *obey the law*.

You must remember that your neighbor's home, a library book, a public garden, a mail box, or your school materials are the property of others, in which you share. Respect them; and thus conform to Uncle Sam's second requirement for citizenship — *to respect property rights*.

The third way of helping Uncle Sam is by thinking of others as well as of yourself. That starts at home, when you try to help. It means being the best end man that you can if you can't be the leader in a game, or in school. It means doing whatever you are able to help the policeman, the fireman, the street cleaner, the postman, and your teacher. *Coöperation* is Uncle Sam's third requirement.

The boy or girl in an American home who obeys, is careful of all that is bought for the home, and works with the family for its good and the welfare of the community, is just as much a good American citizen as is Uncle Sam's soldier who fights to protect our homes, our people, and our property. You, and the soldiers, and all the other good citizens in between who plow, and build, and keep house well, and take good care of money and of food, are Uncle Sam's proud family. You make our American democracy.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

How the Messengers Came to Ulysses

Ulysses was a young Greek prince whose father ruled over the beautiful little island of Ithaca. On this island Ulysses spent a very happy boyhood. When he grew up, he became one of the bravest and most cunning of men, and was so strong that no other man alive could bend his bow. He was a short man, with broad shoulders. His face was fair to look upon, and he had long yellow hair.

When Ulysses was a young man he wished for a wife. Now at this time there was a princess named Helen, who was the most lovely lady in all the world. She was not only lovely, but sweet and kind as well, and all the young princes of Greece wished to marry her.

Helen's father asked the young princes to assemble at his palace, so that he might choose one of them to be his daughter's husband. Among those who went was Ulysses.

Helen's father said that the princes must swear that they would stand by the one who was chosen and fight for him. The princes agreed to this, and then he chose a king named Menelaus.

Helen liked Ulysses, and there was a great friendship between them. When, however, Menelaus was chosen to be her husband, Ulysses went home and married a princess named Penelope, who was pretty and good, and who loved Ulysses very much.

Years passed by, and a little son, Telemachus, was born to Ulysses and Penelope. Father and mother and baby were very happy in their island home. Ulysses spent his time in plowing, and in looking after his lands, his flocks, and his herds.

This happy time soon came to an end. One day messengers arrived with the sad news that Helen had been stolen from her husband by a prince named Paris, who had carried her across the sea to his father's city of Troy.

Then another messenger came to say that Menelaus now called upon the princes to keep their promise to Helen's father. He bade them gather their soldiers, and man their ships, and go with him to Troy to win back his stolen queen.

Ulysses did not wish to leave his wife and son, but he was forced to keep his word. He called his men together, and manned a fleet of twelve ships, and sailed to Troy with the other princes.

The Wooden Horse of Troy

For ten long years the princes tried to take the city of Troy. Many wonderful deeds were done during that time, but the Greeks were not able to capture the city, and at last they began to talk about going back to their homes.

It was just at this time that Ulysses thought of a plan by which Troy could be taken. He told his friends that they would never win the city by fighting, but that he would show them how to take it by cunning.

"Let us build," said he, "a great hollow horse of wood. We will put our bravest men into it, and leave it in our camp. Then the rest must go on board the ships, and sail away without leaving anything behind them. But they must sail only as far away as the nearest islands, and hide there. When they have gone, the Trojans will come out of the city, and will see the wooden horse. They will drag it into Troy as a sign of victory. In the middle of the night, while the Trojans are asleep, the ships must return, and our men must creep up to the wall of the city. Those who are inside the horse will get out quietly, set the city on fire, and open the gates. Then our men will rush in, and Troy will be taken."

The princes thought this a good plan, and the wooden horse was made. Then Ulysses and his friends climbed inside the horse, after which the other Greeks burned their huts and sailed away.

The Trojans did exactly what Ulysses had said that they would do. As soon as the ships had gone, they came out of the gates crying, "The Greeks have fled! The Greeks have fled!" and with much labor dragged the wooden horse into the city.

All day the Trojans danced and sang around the great wooden horse, and at night they went to their homes. Meanwhile, the Greeks in the ships had sailed back to Troy and were now waiting outside the wall.

When all was dark and silent, Ulysses opened the side of the horse, and he and his friends let themselves down softly to the ground. Some ran to the gates and opened



THE TROJAN HORSE

them; others set fire to the houses. Then the Greeks who were outside rushed in and slew men, women, and children. Soon they were masters of the city, and the long, long struggle was at an end. The great city was burned down, and the Greeks set sail for home.

Polyphemus, the One-eyed Giant

Ulysses sailed away with his twelve ships, and hoped soon to see his wife and little son again. It was not long, however, before a great storm arose, and for ten days the ships were tossed about on the sea.

At last they reached a land where the people were quiet and friendly. These people lived on a certain plant called the lotus, which made them dream happy dreams. They gave this strange food to some of the sailors, who ate it and enjoyed it so much that they wished to live in that land all the rest of their days.

Ulysses, however, drove the men to the ships, bound them hand and foot, and threw them on board. Then he sailed on until he came to an unknown island. There were many wild goats on this island; so Ulysses ran his ships on the beach, and his men hunted the goats. They lighted fires on the shore, and feasted on fresh meat.

Next day they left their ships and went far into the island, taking with them a bag of food and a goatskin of strong wine. Soon they came to a great cave. Ulysses sent back all his men but twelve to the ships, and he and the rest went into the cave. It was the home of a huge giant called Polyphemus.

In the cave they found pails and bowls full of milk, and baskets full of cheese, but the owner of the cave was nowhere to be seen. Ulysses and his men lighted a fire in a corner of the cave, and sat down to enjoy the milk and the cheese. Suddenly a shadow fell across the entrance, and Polyphemus entered. On his shoulder he carried the trunk of a tree which he threw down for firewood. Then he drove in his flock of sheep, and blocked up the entrance with a stone, which was so big and heavy that only a team of horses could move it away.

In the Giant's Cave

The giant was as tall as a tree, and he had one eye in the middle of his forehead. He did not plow or sow, but lived on his flocks and herds.

As soon as he had driven the sheep into the cave, he lighted his fire, and by its light saw the strangers. He asked them who they were. Ulysses said that they were Greeks who had been driven to the island by stormy winds. At this the giant sprang up, took hold of two of the sailors, and dashed them to the ground. Then he tore them to pieces and ate them. After drinking many pailfuls of milk, he lay down and fell asleep.

Ulysses was about to stab the giant when a thought struck him. If he killed the giant, how was the stone at the door of the cave to be moved away? So he put up his sword, and sat thinking all night.

Early in the morning Polyphemus arose and ate two more men for breakfast. Then he moved away the great

door-stone, and drove out his sheep. When he had put back the stone, he led his flock to the hills.

Now as Ulysses sat thinking, he saw that the giant had left his stick in a corner of the cave. It was as long and as big as the mast of a ship. Ulysses cut a stake from it and made the end sharp. When this was done, he set the stick aside. Then he filled a bowl with the strong wine which he had brought with him.

At sunset Polyphemus came home and drove his sheep into the cave just as he had done the night before. Then he killed two more of the Greeks and ate them for supper. Ulysses now gave him the bowl of wine, and the giant drank it off and asked for more. He liked the wine so much that he spoke to Ulysses.

"What is your name?" he asked. "I wish to give you a reward."

"My name is Nobody," said Ulysses.

"Well, Nobody," replied Polyphemus, "this shall be your reward. I will eat you last of all."

The giant drank the rest of the wine, and soon fell on the floor in a deep sleep. Then Ulysses and his men made the end of the stake hot in the fire. When all was ready, they thrust it into the giant's one eye. The monster awoke, and with a loud roar tore the stake from his eye.

How Ulysses Left the Cave

The giant screamed with pain, and rushed round and round the cave trying to catch Ulysses and his men. But

as he was now blind, the Greeks were able to keep out of his way.

"Help! Help!" shouted the giant in a voice like thunder.

When his neighbors heard him they came to the cave and said, "What ails you, Polyphemus? Why do you wake us out of our sleep?"

"Nobody is slaying me," he cried; "Nobody is slaying me."

"If nobody is slaying you," they said, "why do you make this great outcry?"

Thinking that he was out of his mind, the neighbors went back to bed. Then Polyphemus took away the stone from the mouth of the cave, and sat in the doorway, hoping to catch the Greeks as they tried to get out.

You already know that Ulysses was very cunning. He now set his wits to work, and soon found a way of escape for himself and his friends. He bound three rams together, and underneath the middle ram of the three he tied one of his men. As soon as all the men were tied to the rams in this way, Ulysses himself seized the biggest and strongest ram. He twisted his hands and feet into its soft wool, and curled himself up beneath it.

Morning having now come, the sheep went through the doorway, and the giant felt along their backs to make sure that the Greeks were not on them. Little did he think that they were bound beneath the rams!

The last to come out was the great ram which carried Ulysses. As soon as he had passed the giant, Ulysses

loosed himself from under the ram and set his companions free. Then they drove many of the sheep to the ship and put them on board.

As they rowed out from the land Ulysses shouted to Polyphemus and mocked him. This made the giant so angry that he threw a huge stone at the ship. It fell in front of the bow and raised a great wave, which drove the vessel back on the shore. Ulysses, however, thrust the ship off the land with a long pole. The men bent to the oars with all their might, and soon the ship was out of danger.

Once more Ulysses shouted to the giant: "If any man should ask who put out your eye, tell him that it was Ulysses." So saying he sailed away.

Æolus, the Keeper of the Winds

The ships sailed on until they reached another island. Here lived Æolus, the keeper of the winds. Æolus greeted Ulysses kindly, and the ships stayed near the island for many days. But at last the sailors made ready to go.

The kind Æolus gave Ulysses food for his journey and promised to let the west wind blow him safely home. He gave him besides a large bag made of skins, which was tied with a beautiful silver cord.

"Here, Ulysses!" he said. "In this bag are many winds. I give them to you so that no unfavorable breeze shall blow during your journey. But the west wind is not in the bag. It shall blow you to your island home."

Ulysses took the bag gladly and hung it up on the mast of his ship. Then Æolus summoned the west wind, and it blew strongly and sent the ships out on their way. Nine days they sailed and the west wind blew them nearer and nearer to their homes. It seemed as though their wanderings were almost over. Meanwhile the sailors kept wondering what was in the leather bag which Ulysses guarded so carefully.

"It is gold," they whispered to each other. "Why does he not share it with us?"

And while Ulysses slept, they crept to the bag and opened it. Instead of gold, however, out rushed the winds! They blew in every direction! Great waves arose! Up and down tossed the ships! The sailors gave themselves up for lost.

Ulysses awoke and was very angry; but it was too late to do anything. Faster and faster went the ships! The winds were returning to their island as quickly as they could, and they blew Ulysses' ships along with them back to the home of Æolus.

As for Æolus, he was angry too when he saw the ships returning. He would do nothing more for such careless and wicked men.

"Go your way," he said. "I shall not help you again."

The men were sorry for their greediness, but it was too late; and since there was no more wind blowing, they had to take the oars out and row slowly away. They felt as though they never wanted to see any gold or treasure again.

Two Enchanted Islands

Before long Ulysses again fell in with giants, and they sank all his ships but one.

Soon after this he came to an island where a beautiful lady called Circe lived. Now Circe was a wicked witch, who dwelt in a grand palace. She saw some of Ulysses' men, and asked them to her house. She gave them enchanted wine and honey to drink. Then she touched them with her wand, and they were changed into swine.

When Ulysses heard about this he was very sad. As he roamed in the forest, Mercury, the messenger of the gods, came to him and gave him a little plant.

"Go to the house of this wicked woman," said he, "and drink of her enchanted wine and honey. Keep the plant with you, and the drink will do you no harm."

So Ulysses went to the palace and drank out of Circe's cup. Then she touched him with her wand, saying, "Hence! Seek thy sty!"

But Ulysses was not changed. Instead he drew his sword and was about to slay her, but she begged for mercy. At last he agreed to spare her life on condition that she restore his men to their own forms and promise not to harm them further. She promised all this, and turned the swine into men again.

Ulysses and his sailors set sail once more. Soon the wind fell, and the sea was calm. Before them was another island, and on it were many beautiful mermaids, called sirens, who sang the sweetest songs ever heard.

Now Ulysses had already heard of the sirens. He knew that they only sang their songs to draw sailors to their island. Every ship that came near to it was wrecked on the sharp rocks, and the sailors were drowned.

When his men heard from afar the sweet singing, they begged Ulysses to let them row to the land; but he said "No," and made them put wax in their ears so that they



ULYSSES AT THE TABLE OF CIRCE

could not hear the voices of the sirens. He had himself bound so tightly to the mast with ropes that he could not get free.

As soon as the sirens heard the plashing of the oars, they raised their voices in a song in honor of Ulysses, asking him to land, and promising him knowledge. The hero struggled to get free; but his comrades bound him still tighter. Nor did they stop rowing until they were far from the island. Then they took the wax from their ears

and unbound Ulysses. Thus he alone escaped of all those who have heard the song of the sirens.

How Ulysses Returned to Penelope

At last, during a terrible storm, the worst misadventure of all happened to Ulysses: His ship was wrecked and all his sailors were drowned.

He himself swam for two days and at last reached land. He was washed up on the shore, so worn out by his long swim that he fell asleep where he was among the bushes, and slept soundly all night long.

In the morning Nausicaa, the beautiful princess of that country, came with her maidens to wash clothes by the river bank. She did not see Ulysses because he was hidden by the leaves; and he did not know that anybody had come, because he was still fast asleep, resting after his hardships.

After the maidens had finished washing the clothes, they spread them to dry in the sun, and began to play ball with the princess. And while they played, Ulysses awoke and came forth before them. At first they were very much frightened to see a strange man appear so suddenly. The maidens ran away in every direction. But the princess was brave and called to them,

“Stay! Why do you run away from this man?”

Then she spoke kindly to Ulysses and invited him to her father's palace. Here he was well received, and the king gave him food and clothing. Later he even gave him a swift ship to carry him to his home.

Ulysses had been away for twenty years and everyone thought him dead. Therefore, instead of going at once to his castle, he stopped at the house of a trusted servant to make himself known and to ask for news. The servant gave Ulysses good tidings of his wife and son, but said that while he had been away a number of enemies had come to live in the castle. Penelope could not persuade them to go away. There they stayed, feasting and making merry, and no one was strong enough to make them leave.

The next morning Ulysses set out for his home. On the way he met his old, old hunting dog, Argos. And it seemed as though the faithful animal had lived but to see his master again; for he fell dead with joy at Ulysses' feet.

Penelope too recognized Ulysses at once, though at first she could hardly believe her eyes.

As for the enemies, they did not remain long at the castle when they learned that its master had returned; and after they had gone Ulysses and his wife, Penelope, and his son lived a peaceful life together in their beautiful palace by the sea.

The happy Ithacans celebrated his return with songs and solemn sacrifices. He became a wise and good king, living quietly on his island during the remainder of his life, and ruling his people well.

MARTIN, THE PEASANT'S SON

LILLIAN M. KREINER

In far-off Russia, there lived an old peasant and his wife who had one son, Martin. Time passed and the peasant died and left to his wife two hundred rubles.

In a week's time they had eaten all the bread they had. So the mother said, "Here, my son, are a hundred rubles. Go to town and buy bread."

As Martin passed on his way, he found some butchers beating a hunting dog with drooping ears.

"Brothers," said Martin, "no good can come to you from that. You had better sell him to me."

"Very good," they replied, "give us a hundred rubles for him."

"Here they are," said Martin.

Then he untied the dog and took him home. All the way the dog wagged his tail and rubbed his head against his new master's hand.

"Little son, where is the bread?" asked his mother as soon as she saw him.

"I bought none," he replied, "but I have a piece of good luck for myself." And he showed her the dog which he had named Jourka.

"What luck is there in a dog which must eat, even as we must?" cried the mother.

"If I had had more money, I would have bought food," said Martin, "but the dog cost the whole hundred rubles."

Then the old woman began to weep.

That night they ate the last dry meal-cake, and Martin broke his share in half and gave one piece to Jourka.

Next day, his mother said, "Here, little son, take the other hundred rubles to town and buy bread, and do not waste it."

On his way Martin saw a boy dragging a cat through the streets.

"Stop!" cried Martin. "No good can come to you from that. You had better sell her to me."

"Good," said the boy. "Take her for a hundred rubles."

Martin pulled out the money, took the cat, and went home.

"Where is the bread, little son?" asked his mother as soon as she saw him.

"I bought none," he answered, "but I have this second piece of good luck for myself." And he took out the cat, which he had named Vaska.

"Small luck in a cat which must be fed," said his mother.

"If I had had more money," said Martin, "I would have bought food. But I had to give the whole hundred rubles for her."

At this the old woman screamed, "Go, and search for bread among strangers."

So Martin left his home, and Jourka and Vaska went running after him.

"Come with me, good youth," said a man on the way. "Whoever serves me three years will be pleased with what I pay him."

Three summers and three winters went by.

"Now, Martin," said the man, "here are three bags — one of gold, one of silver and one of sand. Take the one you wish."

"If I take the gold," said Martin to himself, "I may buy what I will for a long time. If I take the silver, I shall be rich for a little time. Who would take sand when he could get silver or gold? There is surely some deeper reason hidden beneath this simple thing!"

So he said, "Master, I choose the bag of sand."

Martin hoisted the bag on his back and set out, followed by the dog and the cat. He came at length to a thick, dark wood, and in the middle of it a fire had been kindled, and in the fire sat a beautiful maiden bound with twelve cords.

"Good youth," cried the maiden, "if you wish good luck, quench this flame!"

"It is better," thought Martin, "to help some one in trouble, than to drag about a bag of useless sand," and he poured his sand on the flames, cut the cords, and set the maiden free.

"Thanks, good youth," said she. "Take this ring. If you desire anything, throw it from one hand to the other. But beware of telling any one of it." Then she darted away into the forest.

Martin put the ring on his finger and started back home

to find his mother. And they began to live together with Jourka the dog and Vaska the cat without any sorrow.

Time passed, and Martin said, "I will wed the Tzar's daughter herself! Fear nothing, little mother!"

So his mother hobbled off to the Tzar's palace to ask the Tzar for his daughter's hand. But the Tzar said, "You must first bring rich gifts."

When Martin heard the answer, he threw the ring from one hand to the other, and instantly twelve youths appeared, saying, "What do you wish, Martin?" And he bade them bring rich gifts fit for a Tzar. These the mother carried to the palace.

"You have indeed brought a king's gift," said the Tzar, "but after all, your son is only a peasant."

Then the First Minister stepped forward and said, "Since your son is a clever lad, let him build, in one round of the sun, a palace beside this one with a bridge of crystal from one to the other. On either side, let there be a row of apple trees with fruit of silver and gold. If your son does this, he shall have the Tzar's daughter. If not, you shall both die."

"Weep not, little mother," said Martin, comforting her. "Pray to God and lie down to sleep. We may find more wisdom in the morning than in the evening."

At midnight, Martin threw the ring from one hand to the other. When the twelve youths appeared, he bade them build the palace and the work began. In the morning, the Tzar saw the palace, and Martin the peasant's son and the Tzar's daughter were married.

Now the Tzar's daughter was vain and proud, and it angered her that she had been given to a simple peasant. But one evening Martin told her the secret of the ring. As soon as he was asleep, she threw the ring from one hand to the other, and instantly the twelve youths appeared, saying, "What do you wish, beautiful King's daughter?"

She bade them transport the palace, the bridge, with herself, across three times nine lands, and to leave her husband lying in the meadow.

In the morning, the Tzar saw the bare meadow and, in great wrath, gave orders to build a stone column with a single small window, and to wall Martin alive within it till his daughter should be found.

Now Jourka, the dog with drooping ears, set off at once to the cottage of Martin's mother. "Up, quickly, Vaska," said he. "Our master is in danger. We must help him."

The cat leaped up, and together they hastened to the stone column. Vaska peered through the small window and said: "Our master is as helpless as a man with one foot tied to his ear. He has lost a ring which his wife has taken from him."

Then Jourka said, "If we find the palace, we shall find the ring."

So that same night, they set out. They came to the blue sea-ocean, and there the cat mounted the dog's back, and so they crossed to three times nine lands and found the palace in which Martin had lived.

"In this country," said Jourka, "is the Mouse-Tzar-dom. Let us ask the Mouse-Tzar to aid us."



WHEN THE TZAR'S DAUGHTER MARRIED MARTIN

They set out at once and soon arrived at the Tzardom of the Mice. The Mouse-Tzar himself came forward and said, "O strong heroes, how can I serve you?"

Jourka answered, "In this country is the palace of the Tzar's daughter. Go and bring us the ring which she has taken from our master, or your Tzardom shall disappear."

"I know well the palace," piped a mouseling. "At night the Tzar's daughter puts the ring in her mouth."

"Bring it to us," said the Mouse-Tzar, "and you shall have a place of honor."

At nightfall, the mouseling crept into the room of the Tzar's daughter and jumped to her pillow. Just then she sneezed, and the ring rolled to the floor. The mouseling seized it and brought it to Jourka.

Then Jourka and Vaska thanked the Mouse-Tzar and set out. At the sea-ocean, Vaska put the ring in her mouth and mounted on Jourka's back, and the dog began to swim across.

He swam one hour, two hours, three hours, when a black crow began to peck at the cat. She opened her mouth to defend herself and the ring dropped into the ocean.

"How shall we appear before the master?" cried Jourka.

"Well," said Vaska, "I have heard that everything happening in the water is known to the lobsters. Their Tzar shall aid us."

When they reached shore, the huge Lobster-Tzar bowed low and said, "Mighty heroes, how can I serve you?"

"Bring us," said Jourka, "a ring which we dropped in the sea-ocean, or your Tzardom shall disappear."

"O Tzar," cried a lobsterling, "a pike swallowed it awhile ago and died."

"Bring the pike to me," ordered the Lobster-Tzar.

When the pike had been brought, Jourka began to devour it, starting with the tail. But Vaska made a small hole in its side, stretched in her paw, found the ring, and ran off with it.

"Strange," said Jourka. "My teeth have not yet found the ring." Then he guessed what had happened and ran off, barking, "If I but catch you, Vaska!"

But Vaska, seeing the dog, climbed to the top of a birch tree. For three days she sat there and the dog did not take his eyes from her.

Then the cat said, "There is no profit in quarreling. Let us make peace, or our master cannot have the wonder-working ring."

So the dog made peace, and together they hastened to the stone column, and Vaska dropped the ring at Martin's feet.

Now when Martin saw his two faithful friends he rejoiced greatly, and at once summoned the twelve youths. "Bring me food," said he, "and music so sweet that all who hear must stop and listen."

So the food was brought, the music began to play, and many people gathered to listen. The Tzar sent a herald

to order them to depart, but he could not move. He sent a troop of soldiers, but they too were compelled to listen. At last the Tzar himself called to Martin, "Tell me the meaning of these strange things, and you shall be forgiven."

"O Tzar," said Martin, "go to your palace and sleep. The morning is wiser than the evening."

Then Martin had the music cease, and the Tzar and his people departed.

At night, Martin summoned the twelve youths and said, "Bring me my palace and my unfaithful wife. Place the palace, as before, beside the Tzar's palace with a bridge from one to the other. And this time the bridge shall no longer be of crystal but of solid gold set with jewels beyond price."

Instantly the palace and the Tzar's daughter were transported across three times nine lands, and the wonderful bridge was built.

In the morning the Tzar went to his balcony and saw the palace and Martin standing on the bridge before him.

Martin took his hand and told him what his cruel daughter had done. But the Tzar said, "I beg you to forgive her." So Martin forgave her, and she wept before him and began to love him truly from that moment.

Ever after they dwelt together in happiness, but, to his life's end, Martin kept on his finger the wonder-working ring and parted not from his two friends, Jourka the dog and Vaska the cat.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

MARY HOWITT

“Oh, where have you been, my Mary,
Oh, where have you been from me?”

“I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”

“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?”

“I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of green corn fill.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

“And their harp strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;

But, oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"

"I'll tell you all, my mother
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the water rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;

And they shall clear the mildew dank,
From the blind old widow's corn.

“Oh, the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“And then some brought the brown lint seed
And flung it down from the Low;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

“Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin,
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“‘I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

“And all on the top of the Caldron Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But coming down from the hilltop
I heard afar, below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheels did go.

“And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.

“And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate
With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So prithee make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be.”

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

From the Norwegian

Once upon a time, many, many, many years ago, there lived two brothers, of whom one was very rich, and the other very poor. When Christmas Eve came, the poor man had nothing in his house for Christmas dinner, and so he went to his brother and asked him for some food.

The rich man was greatly displeased, as it was not the first time that he had been asked to give his brother food. But Christmas is the time when even selfish people give gifts. So he gave his brother a fine ham, but told him never to let him see his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham and started for home. On his way home he had to pass through a great forest, and when he had reached the thickest part of the forest he suddenly came to a place where there was a bright light. Near this bright light he saw an old man with a white beard who was chopping logs.

"Good evening," said the poor man to the old man.

"Good evening to you. Where are you going at this late hour?" said the old man.

"I am taking a ham home for my Christmas dinner," answered the poor man.

"It is lucky for you," returned the old man, "that you met me. If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, you can make a good bargain with it. The entrance to the land of the dwarfs lies just under the

roots of this tree. The dwarfs are very fond of ham and they seldom get any, but you must not sell the ham for money; instead, get the magic mill which stands behind the door, and when you come out again, I will teach you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who then showed him the door under a stone below the roots of a tree. By this door the poor man entered the land of the dwarfs, and when he got in, all the little people swarmed around him like ants in an ant hill, and each one of them tried to buy the ham.

"I ought to keep it for my Christmas dinner," said the poor man, "but I will sell it to you if you will give me the magic mill which stands there behind the door."

At first they would not agree to this. They offered him gold and silver, but he refused all such offers. Finally, some of the dwarfs said, "Let him have the old mill. He does not know how to use it. Let him have it and we will take the ham."

At last the bargain was made. The poor man took the magic mill, which was a little thing, not half so large as the ham, and then returned to his old friend the wood-chopper, who showed him how to start it and also how to stop it. The poor man then thanked the old man again and started off with all speed for home. But all this had taken a great deal of time, and it was nearly midnight before he reached home.

"Where have you been?" said the poor man's wife. "I have been waiting, waiting, waiting, and we have

neither wood for the fire nor food for our Christmas dinner."

The house was cold and dark, but the poor man told his wife to wait and see what would happen. He then placed the little magic mill on the table and told it to grind light and heat. As soon as the mill started, the room became brilliantly lighted by candles, and a bright and cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth. He then told the mill to grind a tablecloth, dishes, spoons, knives, and forks. He next told it to grind meat, and everything else that was good for a Christmas Eve supper; and the mill ground all that he ordered.

He was astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy. His wife wanted to know where he got the mill, but he would not tell her that. They had a splendid supper and a very merry Christmas.

On the third day, the poor man invited all his friends to come to a feast. What a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all silver or gold. The rich brother could not, in his great house, and with all his wealth, set such a table.

"There is something very strange in all this," said everyone.

"Something very strange indeed," said the rich brother. "On Christmas Eve you were so poor that you came to my house and begged for food, and now you give a feast as if you were a king! Where did you get all these things?"

The poor brother then brought out the magic mill and made it grind first one thing and then another. The magic mill ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and the poor man's wife gave all of these things to the poor people who had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast that the poor brother had made for the rich one.

The rich brother wanted to borrow the mill, intending, for he was not an honest man, never to return it. But his brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell it or lend it to any one.

Years passed by, and at last the owner of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock near the sea. He covered his castle with plates of gold. The castle windows and the golden plates, reflecting the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore. This wonderful castle soon became a noted landmark for sailors. Strangers often came to see the castle of gold and the wonderful mill, of which the strangest tales were told far and wide.

After some time, there came a great merchant, who wished to see the magic mill. He asked whether it would grind salt; and, being told that it would, he wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned the mill, he could supply all his customers without having to take long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the



THE CASTLE NEAR THE SEA

poor, and presents for the little children; so he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant.

The merchant, however, made up his mind to steal the mill. He bribed one of the men-servants to let him into the castle at night, and he stole the magic mill and sailed away with it in triumph.

When he had gone a little way out to sea, he took the mill out on the deck and decided to set it to work.

"Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might!—salt, salt, nothing but salt!" So the mill began to grind salt and the sailors began to fill the sacks with it; but all of the sacks were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, the salt began to fill the ship.

When the ship was filled the dishonest merchant was very much frightened, and wanted to stop the mill. But the mill would not stop grinding. The merchant knew how to start the mill, but he did not know how to stop it; no matter which way he turned it, it went on grinding and grinding. The heap of salt grew higher and higher, until at last the ship went down, making a great whirlpool where it sank.

The ship soon went to pieces, but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and day after day, year after year, it grinds "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" And this is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

A Story of Japan

In a little old house in a little old village in Japan lived a little old man and his little old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of all Japanese houses, she saw, on the doorstep, a poor little sparrow. She took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew was dried from his wings. Afterwards she let him go, so that he might fly home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning, when the pink on the mountain tops told that the sun was near, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at work. But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little sparrow flew away to his home, but he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet she was very sad. She said to her husband: "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives? Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

In this way they followed until they came to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first could see no one to ask.

At last they saw a Bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "Oh, friend Bat, do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain," said the Bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads and did not know which one to take. A little Field Mouse peeped through the leaves and grass; so they asked him: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the Field Mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming the poor little Sparrow was very happy indeed. He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads down to the ground to show their respect. Then the Sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into his house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them boiled rice, fish, and cress.

After they had feasted, the Sparrow wished to please them still more; so he danced for them what is called the "sparrow-dance."

When the sun began to sink, the old man and woman

started for home. The Sparrow brought out two baskets. "I would like to give you one of these," he said. "Which will you take?" One basket was large and looked very full, while the other one seemed small and light. The old people thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the Sparrow's treasures in it; so they said: "The way is long and we are very old. Please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home they decided to open the basket and see what the Sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich; so they were more grateful than ever to the Sparrow.

Now the cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and the piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said: "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your Sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him how sorry I am."

The kind woman told her the way and she set out. She went across the bridge, over the mountain, and through the woods. At last she came to the home of the little Sparrow.

He was not so glad to see this old woman, yet he was

very kind to her and did everything to make her feel welcome. He and his wife made a feast for her, and when she started home the Sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the large basket, for she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to step.

When at last she reached home she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the pests. The moment the door was opened they swooped down upon her, picked her up, and flew away with her. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the old woman.

THE LAZY ROOF

GELETT BURGESS

The roof it has a lazy time
A-lying in the sun ;
The walls they have to hold him up ;
They do not have much fun !

THE PURPLE COW

GELETT BURGESS

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one ;
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one !

THE YAK

HILAIRE BELLOC

As friend to the children, commend me the yak ;
You will find it exactly the thing ;
It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,
Or lead it about with a string.

A Tartar who dwells on the plains of Tibet
(A desolate region of snow)
Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,
And surely the Tartar should know !

Then tell your papa where the yak can be got,
And if he is awfully rich,
He will buy you the creature — or else he will not,
(I cannot be positive which).

POLLY

CHARLES WADHAMS STEVENS

Polly was dressed in tinsel gay,
Her face was bright as a sunbeam's ray,
Her head was decked with a bonnet blue
That covered her locks of auburn hue.
Her gown hung down in a graceful fold
To her tiny shoe, where a buckle of gold
Adorned a foot so daintily made
You'd never have thought this sly little jade
Was only made of paper.

Polly went out to sea in a boat.
The boat was of paper and scarcely would float;
But off she sailed while the waves beat high,
And her slender skiff could never keep dry.
The boat was wrecked on a dolphin's tail,
But Polly clung to his fin so frail,
And away he swam on a wave's broad crest,
While fear and sorrow filled the breast
Of this poor little maid of paper.

But a paper balloon came floating by,
And Polly jumped with a joyful cry,
And climbed aboard this airy boat
And up to the land of dreams did float.
There she sings with the angels fair,
With a halo of gold round her auburn hair,
And a silver harp in her dainty hand
To swell the tones of the angel band;
But her wings are made of paper.

THE DUEL ¹

EUGENE FIELD

The gingham dog and the calico cat
 Side by side on the table sat;
 'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
 Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
 The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
 Appeared to know as sure as fate
 There was going to be a terrible spat.
 (I wasn't there; I simply state
 What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
 And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
 The air was littered, an hour or so,
 With bits of gingham and calico,
 While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
 Up with its hands before its face,
 For it always dreaded a family row!
 (Now mind: I'm only telling you
 What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
 And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
 But the gingham dog and the calico cat
 Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
 Employing every tooth and claw
 In the awfulest way you ever saw —
 And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

¹ From *Poems of Eugene Field*; copyright, 1910, by Julia S. Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

(Don't fancy I exaggerate —
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

THE LITTLE ELFMAN¹

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I met a little Elfman once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he did not grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you!"

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HANSEL AND GRETEL

I

Near a great forest lived a poor wood-cutter. So very poor was he that his two little children, Hansel and Gretel, had often to go to bed without their supper. And sometimes they had no breakfast either.

One evening, as the wood-cutter and his wife — the stepmother of Hansel and Gretel — sat by the fire, the father said: "What shall we do for food as the cold winter comes on? There is hardly corn enough in the cellar for you and me. And there are the two children besides."

"Never you mind," said the stepmother. "Leave it all to me. When we go into the forest, to-morrow, I shall take the children into the deepest part of the wood. There I shall build a fire for them, give them each a piece of corncake, and tell them to wait until we come for them at night."

"Then the wolves will get them. They will be free from suffering, and we shall be free from the care of them. Really, good man, it is as easy and as kind a thing as we can do for them."

But the father could not make up his mind to this.

"You fool!" cried the stepmother, angrily. "Which is worse, — that the children should die to-morrow, or that all four of us should starve, day by day, through the whole long winter?"

"I suppose you are right," groaned the father, "but I pity the poor children."



Now the stepmother had grown so excited while talking, that she almost shouted.

Both children had awakened out of a deep sleep just in time to hear her say: "I shall lead them into a deep part of the forest and leave them there. Surely they can never find their way out, and the wolves will soon make an end of them."

"O Hansel," whispered Gretel, "what shall we do?"

"Do not be afraid," answered Hansel. "There must be some way of saving ourselves."

By and by the father and the stepmother went off to bed, and the house was still. Then little Hansel arose from his bed and crept out into the yard.

The moon was shining brightly, and by its light he saw, glistening everywhere, bits of clear white stone. Hansel gathered some of these in his hands, saying: "How white they are! And how they shine!"

Then some good fairy whispered to him saying: "Fill your pockets — all of them — with these bits of white

stone. To-morrow, when your stepmother leads you deep into the forest, drop these stones as you go along. Then, to-morrow night in the moonlight, you can find your way back by the shining of the stones."

"O good, good fairy!" cried Hansel; and he ran into the house to tell Gretel what had happened.

II

In the morning the father and the stepmother led the children into the forest as they had planned the night before.

"Now, children," said the stepmother, when she found a place that seemed lonely enough, "gather wood to make a fire. Here is your dinner in this basket. After you have eaten it, lie down by the fire and keep warm. Do not move from here until we come for you, else you may get lost in the wood."

Then she went away, sure that never again should she be troubled with the care of Hansel and Gretel, poor children.

All day long the two stayed by the fire. At noon-time they ate their dinner. Then they lay down on the soft moss to sleep as they had been told to do.

It was night when they awoke, and the great, round moon was smiling down at them through the trees.

"Now let us try to go home," said Hansel. "I am sure that the little shining stones, which I have dropped all the way from the edge of the forest to this place, will show in the moonlight and lead us to the road that will bring us back to our home."

So hand in hand the little brother and sister started out. Sure enough, there were the little white spots of shining light, just as the fairy had said. And by these, the children had no trouble in making their way.



But it was a long distance, so that the sun had begun to rise when the children reached their father's house. When they opened the door, imagine the surprise and anger of the stepmother.

"You wretched children!" she cried, "where have you been? Not a wink have I slept all night, worrying about you!"

The father, hearing her words, came out from the kitchen. "My dear children! My dear children!" said he, and he took them in his arms.

The stepmother knew it was no use to say any more just then, and the children were allowed to live on as before.

III

But when winter came, there were hard times indeed. The corn grew lower and lower in the bin. Day by day the stepmother was forced to make the loaves smaller and smaller.

Again one night the stepmother talked with the father. "There is but one basket of corn left in the cellar," she said. "Two of us might live through the winter on that, but four of us cannot. The children must go. To-morrow I will again lead them into the forest — this time so far that they can never find their way back."

The father groaned; but well he knew that the cruel woman would have her way.

"Do not be afraid, little sister," said Hansel, for the stepmother had awakened the children by her loud talking. "We shall find our way back again, just as we did before."

So the children waited until the house was still, and the father and the stepmother were sound asleep. Then they crept to the door, intending to go out again to fill their pockets with the shining white stones.

Alas! The father had bolted the door with the heavy bolts, and the little children could not move them, try as hard as they could.

"Never mind," said Hansel, as they crept back to bed. "Some good fairy will help us, I am sure."

In the morning the stepmother awoke them, saying:

"Come children, we must go into the wood to-day to gather herbs."

Hansel sprang up at once, hoping that in some way he might be able to fill his pockets with the shining stones before his stepmother could be ready. But, alas! she was ready even before she awoke the children. And there was no time after they were dressed to find the stones.



Before they started, the stepmother gave each of the children a piece of bread. That gave Hansel an idea.

"I will sprinkle the crumbs of my bread as I go along," thought he. "Perhaps I can find my way back by them."

It was, indeed, a long way into the forest that the stepmother led them this time. "They shall not come back to the cottage to-morrow morning," said she to

herself, as, with the same orders as before, she left them by their wood fire.

Again all day they waited, until the moon arose to light them on their way out of the forest. But, alas! This time they had no guide. The crumbs were gone, for the birds had found them and had feasted on them.

"We must do the best we can," said Hansel, when he found that the crumbs were gone.

IV

So hand in hand they started forth, brave little children that they were. All night long they wandered about; but when morning came, they were no nearer the edge of the forest than before.

All day, all the next night, all the next day they wandered; but all around them, as far as they could see, was the deep, dark forest. They were very hungry, and very, very tired, — so hungry and so tired, that they both sat down upon a bank of moss and cried as if their little hearts would break.

The good fairies heard their weeping; and one of them, taking the form of a snow-white bird, fluttered down before the children, saying: "Follow me, follow me!"

The children followed slowly, for their feet were very lame and sore from walking.

At last, through the trees, they spied a little house. "O brother," said Gretel, "there is a little house!" And they pressed forward, eager to learn if they should find food and rest there.



“The house is made of bread!” cried Gretel.

“And the roof is of cake!” cried Hansel.

“And the windows are of sugar!” cried both Gretel and Hansel. How the hungry children did eat! It looked as if, as the stepmother had said, they could eat one out of house and home. But, then, they were so very hungry!

At any rate the old woman who lived in the house began to fear that she should, in very truth, be eaten out of house and home. So she opened the door and said: “My dear children, come in and have your breakfast. So much sugar and cake is not good for you.”

Now Gretel and Hansel were very well satisfied with the sugar and cake. But they politely accepted the old woman’s invitation and went in.

There upon her little table were bowls of fresh milk and great plates of apples and corncakes. Such a breakfast as the children did eat! You would have thought that they had eaten nothing for three years.

"Now," said the old woman, when they had eaten all they could hold, "you must be very tired. You shall lie down on my nice soft bed and sleep." Then she led them to a bedroom.

The tired children threw themselves upon the bed, and in less than one minute were sound asleep.

v

Now this old woman, kind as she seemed, was really an ugly, wicked old witch. She had built the house on purpose to catch little children. She meant to keep Hansel and Gretel and stuff them with food, until they were as fat as pigs, and then she intended to eat them.

But the children never suspected this; and for weeks they lived in the little house as happy as little princes.

"What a feast I shall have!" the old woman would say to herself, as she saw them growing plumper and rosier every day.

At last one morning she seized Hansel by the shoulder, and shut him up in a great box, the door of which was an iron grating.

Then, giving Gretel a cruel shake, she said: "Now cook me some pies and some pudding. To-morrow I shall eat your brother for my dinner. Get the oven hot — red hot — and when it is ready, come and tell me."

Poor little Gretel! How she cried and sobbed! But she made the pies and the puddings and heated the oven.

"Stoop down and put your head into the oven to see if it is hot enough," said the old woman, when Gretel called her.

"I can't. I don't know what you mean," said Gretel.



"Can't! Don't know what I mean!" screamed the old woman. "This is what I mean"; and she opened the oven door, stooped down, and put her face close to the oven.

Quicker than a flash of lightning, Gretel gave the wicked woman a push, and in she went, head first, into the red-hot oven. For a moment the old witch screamed and kicked. But in another moment the flames caught her, and there was nothing left but a great heap of ashes.

"Oh, Hansel, Hansel! The old witch is burned alive!

Burned alive in her own hot oven!" screamed Gretel, as she flew to unfasten the door of Hansel's cage.

"You wise, brave little sister!" cried Hansel, as he leaped out.

VI

Then the two children sat down and laughed and cried, and cried and laughed. Indeed, one could not have been sure whether they were very happy or very miserable, so mixed were their laughing and their crying.

"Let us fill our pockets with the old witch's diamonds and gold, and hasten out of the forest," said Hansel. "Surely we can find our way. Let us go back to our father, and give him the riches. He can then buy corn enough to feed us all our lives."

So they filled their pockets. Then Gretel filled her apron and Hansel filled his hat, and away they started on their journey home.

Soon they came to a great stream of water. "Gretel," said Hansel, "this must be the river that runs through the side of the forest near our father's house. If we can cross this, we shall be near our home."

"But we cannot swim, and we have no boat," said Gretel sadly. "Here comes a great white duck. Let us ask him to take us across.

"Duck, duck, here we stand,
Hansel and Gretel, on the land;
Boats and bridges we do lack,
Carry us over on your white back."



Now the duck was an enchanted duck, and had come on purpose to help the children. So he came up to them, and carried them both on his back across to the opposite bank.

Such happy children you never saw! They could see through the trees their father's house. They ran toward it! And how their father shouted for joy when he saw the children again, alive and well!

They told him all that had happened, and showed him the diamonds and pearls and gold.

The stepmother had died — died of starvation, as she deserved. And so the three, the father and the two children, lived on and on, happy as kings all the rest of their lives. Never again did one of them know the meaning of unhappiness, or poverty, or care, or hunger, or fear.

THE BROOK

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silver waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE BATH OF THE BIRDS

RICHARD JEFFRIES

A Story of Midsummer Day

I

One morning little Bevis went down to the brook. Standing on the brink, he said :

"Brook, Brook ! what are you singing? You promised to tell me what you were saying."

The brook did not answer, but went on singing. Bevis listened a minute, then he picked a willow leaf and threw it into the bubbles and watched it go whirling round and round in the eddies and back up under the fall, where it dived down and presently came up again, and the stream took it and carried it away past the flags.

"Brook, Brook !" said Bevis, stamping his foot ; "tell me what you are singing."

And the brook, having now finished that part of his song, said :



THE BROOK

"Sit down in the shadow of the willow, for it is very hot to-day, and the reapers are at work. Sit down under the willow and I will tell you as much as I can remember."

"But the reed said you could not remember anything," said Bevis, leaning back against the willow.

"The reed did not tell you the truth; indeed, he does not know all. The fact is, the reeds are so fond of talking that I scarcely ever answer them now or they would keep on all day long, and I should never hear the sound of my own voice, which I like best. So I do not encourage them, and that is why the reeds think I do not recollect."

"And what is that you sing about?" said Bevis, impatiently.

"I do not know myself always what I am singing about," said the brook. "I am so happy that I sing, and sing, and never think about what it means. It does not matter what you mean as long as you sing. Sometimes I sing about the sun, who loves me dearly, and tries all day to get at me through the leaves and the green flags that hide me. He sparkles on me everywhere he can, and does not like me to be in the shadow.

"Sometimes I sing to the wind, who loves me next most dearly, and will come to me everywhere he can, especially in places where the sun cannot get. He plays with me and strokes me softly and tells me the things he has heard in the woods and on the hills, and sends down the leaves to float along; for he knows I like something to carry. Fling me in some leaves, please, Bevis.

"Sometimes I sing to the earth and the grass; they

are fond of me, too, and listen the best of all. I sing loudest at night to the stars; for they are so far away that they could not otherwise hear me."

"What do you say?" said Bevis; but the brook was too busy now to heed him, and went on:

"Sometimes I sing to the trees, for they, too, are fond of me and come as near as they can. They would all come down close to me if they could. They love me like the rest, because I am so happy and never cease my chanting. If I am broken to pieces against a stone, I do not mind in the least; I laugh just the same, and even louder.

"Sometimes a rainbow comes and stays with me. The trees drink me and the grass drinks me. The birds come down and drink me; they splash me and are happy. The fishes swim about, and some of them hide in deep corners. Round the bend I go, and the willows say they never have enough of me. The long grass waves and welcomes me; the ducks float with me; the kingfisher is always with me somewhere, and sits on the bough to see himself in the water. And you come too, Bevis, to listen to me now and then; and it is all because I am so happy."

"Why are you so happy?" asked Bevis.

"I do not know," said the brook. "Perhaps it is because all I think of is this minute. I do not know anything about the minute just gone by, and I do not care one bit about the minute that is just coming; all I care about is this minute, this very minute now. Fling me in some more leaves, Bevis. Why do you go about ask-

ing questions? Why don't you sing and do something else?"

"Oh, but I want to know all about everything," said Bevis. "Where did you come from, and where are you going, and why don't you go on and let the ground be dry? Why don't you run on, and run all away? Why are you always here?"

The brook laughed and said: "I do not know where I came from, and I do not care at all where I am going. What does it matter? All I know is, I shall come back again; yes, I shall come back again."

The brook sang very low and rather sadly now:

"I shall go into the sea and shall be lost; and even you would not know me. Ask your father. He has sailed over the sea in ships, and I was close to him, but he did not know me. By and by, when I am in the sea, the sun will lift me up, and the clouds will float along.

"Look toward the hills, Bevis, every morning, and you will see the clouds coming, and bringing me with them. The rain and the dew, and sometimes the thunder and the lightning, will put me down again; and I shall run along here and sing to you, if you will come and listen. Fling in some little twigs, Bevis, and some bits of bark from the tree."

"That I will," said Bevis; and he picked up a stone and flung it into the water with such a splash that the kingfisher flew away. But the brook only laughed and told him to throw another, and to make haste and grow bigger and jump over him.

II

"S—s, we shall meet by the drinking place," said a grasshopper ; and was just hopping off, when Bevis asked him what the birds went down to bathe for.

"I'm sure I do not know," said the grasshopper, speaking fast, for he was rather in a hurry to be gone ; he never could stand still long. "All I can tell you is, that on Midsummer Day every one of the birds has to go down to the brook and walk in and bathe ; and it has been the law for so many, many years that no one can remember when it began. They like it very much, because they can show off their fine feathers which are just then in full color ; and if you like to go with me, you will be sure to enjoy it."

"So I will," said Bevis ; and he followed the grasshopper, who hopped so far at every step that he had to walk fast to keep up.

They went on in silence a good way, except that the grasshopper cried "S—s" to his friends in the grass as he passed, and also said good morning to a mole, who peeped out for a moment.

"Why don't you hop straight ?" asked Bevis, presently. "It seems to me that you hop first on one side and then on the other, and go in such a zigzag fashion that it will take us hours to reach the brook."

"How very stupid you are !" said the grasshopper. "If you go straight, of course you can only see just what is under your feet ; but if you go first this way and then that, then you see everything. You are nearly as silly

as the ants, who never see anything beautiful all their lives. Be sure you have nothing to do with the ants, Bevis. They are a mean, wretched, miserly set, quite beneath notice.

"Now, I go everywhere, all around the field, and spend my time searching for lovely things. Sometimes I find flowers, and sometimes the butterflies come down into the grass and tell me the news; and I am so fond of the sunshine, I sing to it all day long. Tell me now, is there anything so beautiful as the sunshine and the blue sky, and the green grass, and the velvet and blue and spotted butterflies, and the trees which cast such a pleasant shadow and talk so sweetly, and the brook which is always running? I should like to listen to it for a thousand years."

"I like you," said Bevis; "jump into my hand and I will carry you." He held his hand out flat; up sprang the grasshopper and alighted on his palm and told him the way to go. Thus they went together merrily.

"I do not sing at night, Bevis," said the grasshopper; "but I always go where I can see a star. I slept under a mushroom last night. He told me he was pushing up as fast as he could before some one came and picked him. I do not lay up any store, because I know I shall die when the summer ends; and what is the use of wealth then? My store and my wealth is the sunshine, and the blue sky, and the green grass, and the brook that never ceases singing, singing all day and night. And all the things are fond of me; the grass and the flowers, and the birds and the animals — all of them love me."

"I think I shall take you home and put you under a glass case on the mantel," said Bevis.

Off jumped the grasshopper in a moment, and fell so lightly on the grass that it did not hurt him in the least, though it was as far as if Bevis had tumbled out of the clouds. Bevis tried to catch him, but he jumped nimbly this way and that, and hopped to and fro, and then lay down in the grass so that his green coat could not be seen.

III

Bevis now went down to the brook and stood on the bank, where it was high, near a bush at the side of the drinking place.

"Ah, little Bevis!" whispered a reed, bending toward him as the wind blew, "please do not come any nearer; the bank is steep and treacherous, and hollow underneath, where the water rats run. So do not lean over after the forget-me-nots. They are too far for you. Sit down where you are, behind that little bush, and I will tell you all about the bathing.

"The birds come down to bathe every Midsummer Day: the goldfinches, and the sparrows, and the black-birds, and the thrushes, and the swallows, and the wrens, and the robins, — every one of them except two or three, whose great-grandfathers got into disgrace a long while ago. The crows do not come because they are thieves, nor the starlings, who are a very bad lot. The swan does not come either, unless the brook is muddy after a storm. The swan is so tired of seeing himself in the water that he

quite hates it, and that is the reason he holds his neck so high, that he may not see more of himself than he can help."

Soon the birds came. They were all in their very best and brightest feathers; and as the sun shone on them and they splashed the water and strutted about, Bevis thought he had never seen anything so beautiful.

They did not all bathe, for some of them were permitted only to drink instead. But they all came, and all in their newest dresses. So bright was the goldfinch's wing, that the phoebe, though she did not dare to say so, thought he had painted it. The sparrow, brushed and neat, so quiet and subdued in his brown velvet, looked quite aristocratic among so much flaunting color.

As for the blackbird, he had carefully washed himself in the spring before he came to bathe in the brook, and he glanced around with a bold and defiant air, as much as to say:

"There is not one of you who has so beautiful a black coat as I have."

In the bush the nuthatch, who did not care much to mix with the crowd, moved restlessly to and fro. The robin looked all the time at Bevis, so anxious was he for admiration. The woodpecker pretended not to see the dove, whom Bevis longed to stroke, but could not, as he had promised the reed to keep still.

Bevis looked up into the sky, and there was the hawk, up among the white clouds, soaring round and round,



THE BATH OF THE BIRDS

and watching all that was going on. Almost before he could look down again a shadow went by, and a cuckoo flew along very low, just over the drinking place.

"Cuckoo!" he cried, "cuckoo! the goldfinch has the prettiest dress;" and off he went.

Now the hawk had bribed the cuckoo, who was his cousin, to do this, and the cuckoo was not at all unwilling, for he had an interest himself in keeping the birds divided. So he had told the hawk that, although he had made up his mind to go on his summer tour, he would stay a day or two longer to manage this little business.

No sooner had the cuckoo said this than there was a most terrible uproar, and all the birds cried out at once. The blackbird was so disgusted that he flew straight off, chattering all across the field and up the hedge. The bobolink tossed his head, and asked the goldfinch to come up in the bush and see which was the stronger. The blue jay and the catbird shrieked with derision. The woodpecker turned his back and said "Pooh!" and went off with a clatter. The sparrow flew to tell his mates on the house, and you could hear the chatter they made about it right down at the brook. But the wren screamed loudest of all, and said that the goldfinch was a painted impostor, and had not got half so much gold as the oriole.

So they were all scattered in a minute, and Bevis stood up and hurried homeward.

DANIEL BOONE: AN AMERICAN PIONEER

Daniel Boone was America's most famous pioneer. He lived a life of daring adventure. He was a great hunter and explorer. Several times he was captured by Indians. His story is one that all American boys and girls should know, for we do not want to forget what we owe to the brave men who settled our country in the old colonial days.

I. *The Founding of Pennsylvania Colony, where Daniel Boone was Born*

You may have heard of William Penn, the famous English Quaker, who got a charter from King Charles of England and came over to the Americas to found a colony. And how he called a great meeting of the Indian tribes under a large elm tree on the banks of the Delaware River, and made a treaty of peace with them, saying,

"I will not call you my children, because fathers sometimes whip their children. I will not call you my brothers, because brothers sometimes fall out. But I will call you the same person as the white people. We are the two parts of the same body."

The story goes that Penn then took the large paper on which the treaty was written and laid it down on the ground between himself and his Indian friends. This was to show them that the ground was to belong to the Indians and the white people together. Then he took up the paper and gave it to the great chief, who was head

of all the tribes. He told him to keep the treaty and hand it down to his children's children, so that they might know what he had said.

The chief in his turn gave Penn a peace sign. It was a belt of white wampum. On it, in purple beads, was a picture of a white man and an Indian clasping hands. The chief gave this belt to Penn with the words,

"We will live with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure."

As a further token of friendship they gave Penn a name in their own language — "O-nas," meaning feather, because Penn had signed the treaty with a quill or feather pen. There were therefore two reasons for the name O-nas — because his name was Penn, and because he had signed the peace treaty with a quill.

Penn called his new colony Pennsylvania, a word which comes from the Latin and which means Penn's Woods. He was joined by many other English Quakers, so that Pennsylvania became one of the most prosperous of all the thirteen colonies.

These Quakers were strict in many ways. They wished to dress always in sober colors and to live simply and quietly apart from the world. They used the words *thee* and *thou* in speaking to each other, instead of *you*, because those are Bible terms. Such customs made them disliked in England, so that their lives became very uncomfortable; and for this reason great numbers of them were happy to join Penn's Quaker colony in Pennsylvania.

One of the early Quaker families which came from



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS
After the painting by Benjamin West

England was named Boone. The father was a weaver of Devonshire, a very beautiful part of southern England. He was the grandfather of Daniel Boone. His son Squire was Daniel Boone's father.

So you see that Squire Boone, Daniel's father, was an immigrant boy, whose family came away from England for religious reasons, much as the Pilgrims of New England had come over a hundred years before, and much as people of other countries come over to America even yet in search of freedom and happiness.

II. *Little Daniel*

Squire Boone's son Daniel was born in Penn's Quaker colony at a place called Oley in the year 1734. His birthday was the second of November.

Little Daniel had two sisters and three brothers older than himself. The sisters were named Sarah and Elizabeth: the brothers, Israel, Samuel, and Jonathan. There were also five children younger than Daniel — Mary, George, Edward, Squire, and Hannah. Of all his family, Squire, the father's namesake, was Daniel's most intimate companion, not only during boyhood, but in his later hunting expeditions and when exploring the woods and wilderness.

The farm of the Boones was a large one of four hundred acres, which the father and sons managed together. In the house were five or six looms; for the father, like the grandfather, was a skillful weaver. He taught his boys and girls to weave "homespun" cloth which was sold to

neighboring settlers. He had also a blacksmith shop where he and the boys did all kinds of iron work in addition to shoeing horses. The smithy, the weaving, together with hunting and trapping, the care of the farm, and the housework for so large a family, kept them all busily occupied.

They were often visited by Indians: for though William Penn had died, his treaty was still in force, and the Quakers and Indians were still good friends. When Daniel was eight years old, a famous missionary came to Oley and preached to a party of Delaware Indians in a neighboring barn. At this meeting and elsewhere the young frontier boy and his brothers and sisters became intimately acquainted with Indian manners and customs. Much of the later trouble between savages and white people would have been saved if all settlers had understood Indian ways as well as did the Boones.

The family owned a grazing range among the hills some miles outside the settlement. Every year the cows were led to this range and kept there until late in the fall. The mother had special charge of the herd and lived on the hillside during the grazing season with one or more of the children to help her.

When Daniel was ten he was chosen to be the helper. For several seasons he and his mother lived alone on the range for about half of every year. He had charge of the herd during the day, and at sunset drove them back to the cow-pens for milking and to secure them from wild animals. Mrs. Boone had a dairy house where she spent her time making butter and cheese.

While watching the cows Daniel had a great deal of time to learn about woods and wild animals. He made a weapon out of a slender stick with gnarled roots at one end, and was soon able to throw this so skillfully that he could kill birds and other small game. In fact it is said that he sometimes became so interested in his hunting that he forgot the cattle and allowed them to stray away and pass the night in the forest.

When he was twelve, his father bought him a rifle, and with this he soon became an expert marksman. He carried it with him while tending the cows. In winter too he roamed the forests killing game for the family and collecting the skins of animals.

Such a life was a lonely one, but Daniel was always fond of solitude. He built a little hut for himself in the wilderness three miles away from the Oley settlement. Here he would live alone for weeks at a time, killing and cooking his food and sleeping in the open air. Though only a young boy he felt at home even in the darkest night.

Daniel knew little about books or schools, in spite of the fact that he had been taught to read and write. But the forest was his school. He knew and loved the wild woods and its animals. He could find his way through a pathless wilderness. He could endure privations and hunger. He knew how to take care of himself in time of danger. And even in boyhood he was famous as a skillful trapper and hunter.

Such was the early life of the young frontier boy, Daniel Boone.

III. *A Five Hundred Mile Journey*

The life of the Boones went on uneventfully for many years. But the family was large and the farm a small one. The boys and girls were growing up and would soon want homes and farms of their own. Squire Boone realized this and talked it over with his wife and family. Many of their Quaker friends had left Pennsylvania and pushed on farther into the wilderness. From these friends came word of abundant game, fertile soil, and a mild climate in other colonies far to the south of them.

The family were influenced by these reports, and at length decided to give up their claim and move to the Yadkin River in North Carolina, five hundred miles away. About the year 1751, they sold their land and part of their stock and started bravely out into the wilderness.

Imagine if you can this little company of travelers. Canvass-covered wagons called schooners carried the women and children, while the men and boys rode on horseback before and behind them. The march was slow because they had also to keep pace with the cattle which they drove. All day they would travel like this. At sunset they would pause beside some cool spring, make a large circle of the wagons, and place the animals inside.

Meanwhile the boys would gather wood for the fire, and the women and girls prepare and cook supper. Others milked the herd of cows and brought in pails of warm new milk. Since each had his duty to perform, the evening work of preparing for camp was soon over, when

all could gather around the blazing fire to eat supper and discuss the events of the day.

Very soon the early bed-time arrived. Then, rolled up in blankets on the ground, or inside the big covered wagons, they slept safely until sunrise — all, that is, except a sentinel or two who kept watch through the night to guard against wild animals or a surprise from the Indians.

In the morning came breakfast for people and animals, hasty packing up, and more traveling. So they went day after day, on and on, fording rivers and climbing hills, stopping occasionally to rest or to kill game for food, but pressing constantly southward toward their new home in the unbroken wilderness.

They reached the Yadkin River at last and found there all that they had hoped to find. There was rich meadow land for the cattle and for farming, while fish and game and wild fruits were abundant. The climate was mild. Best of all there were few settlers and room for everybody.

A claim was chosen at Buffalo Lick on the banks of the Yadkin; and before many months had passed cabins and farm buildings were built, a smithy started, farming land prepared, and all the occupations of the family were going on much as they had in Pennsylvania.

IV. *A Traveler Comes to the Yadkin River*

Daniel was now a well-grown lad of eighteen. He gave his share of help on the farm and in the blacksmith

shop; but his chief occupation was roaming the woods with his long rifle.

In these woods there were elk, deer, and bears; there were panthers and wildcats; there were wolves, lynx, and foxes; and there were smaller fur-bearing animals such as beaver, otter, and muskrat. All of these young Daniel shot and skinned, carrying home the meat for the family table, and taking the skins on packhorses to the nearest market town, where he exchanged them for salt, iron, cloth, and a few other things which he and the rest of the settlers needed.

At the age of twenty-one he was married. At first he and his wife lived in a rude log house in his father's yard. Later they chose some land a few miles away and built upon it a permanent little cabin.

"Daniel Boone's cabin was a simple box of logs, reared in 'cob-house' style, the chinks stuffed with moss and clay, with a door and perhaps a single window. Probably there was but one room below, with a low attic under the rafters, reached by a ladder. A great outside chimney, built either of rough stones or of small logs, coated on the inside with clay mortar and carefully chinked with the same, was built against one end of this rude house.

"In the fireplace, large enough for logs five or six feet in length, there was a crane from which was hung the iron pot in which the young wife cooked the simple meals of corn mush, pumpkins, squashes, beans, potatoes, and pork, or wild meat of many kinds, fresh and dried; in a bake-kettle, laid upon live coals, she made the bread and

corn pone, or fried her steaks, which added variety to the fare.

"Dishes and other utensils were few — some pewter plates, forks, and spoons; wooden bowls and trenchers, with gourds and hard-shelled squashes for drinking mugs. For knife, Boone doubtless used his belt weapon, and scorned the crock plates, now slowly creeping into the valley, as calculated to dull its edge. Over the fireplace deer's horns served as rests for his gun. Into the log wall were driven great wooden pegs, hanging from which flitches of dried and smoked bacon, venison, and bear's-meat mingled freely with the family's scanty wardrobe."

This cabin was the home of Daniel, his wife Rebecca and their growing family of children for thirteen years. They cleared and cultivated their land, and lived the usual life of the frontier.

But one autumn day a traveling peddler with horse and wagon drove into the river valley. He sold pins, tin dishes, and other small wares to the settlers' wives, for you must remember that there were no stores for many miles. The name of the peddler was John Finley.

It was not Finley's first visit to the valley, and the Boones knew him well. He was invited to spend the winter with them; and for several weeks he was Daniel's guest.

Finley had been a great traveler and many were the exciting stories which he had to tell. But oftener than any of his stories, he would tell of his trip to "the dark and bloody ground," or "Kan-tuck-kee" in the Indian

language, — a fair land over the mountains where white men had never lived. According to Finley, Kentucky was a wonderful land. It was hard to reach because it was on the other side of the mountains, but he knew a path through a mountain gap, and offered to guide there any men who wished to go.

V. *Boone's First Trip to Kentucky, "The Dark and Bloody Ground"*

Daniel and his brother Squire were both eager to visit the wonderful new hunting ground. But both could not leave their farms. So Squire agreed to stay behind until autumn, while Daniel was to form a party and make the trip.

In May, 1769, as soon as the spring crops were in, six men set out together. Daniel Boone was the leader, and John Finley the guide. The other men were John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Mooney, and William Cooley.

"Each man was fully armed, clad in the usual deerskin costume of the frontier, and mounted upon a good horse; blanket or bearskin was strapped on behind the saddle, together with camp kettle, a store of salt, and a small supply of provisions, although their chief food was to be game."

They followed an Indian hunting trail called the "warrior's path" across the mountains, and after five weeks of difficult travel reached Kentucky, which they found to be as lovely a land as Finley had described.

On the Kentucky River they made a little camp, and

named it Station Camp. This was their home for many months. They spent their time exploring the hills and mountains round about, or collecting skins from the animals which they shot.

For safety the six men went out in pairs, Boone and Stuart being usually together. One December day these two were ascending a low hill near the Station Camp. Suddenly they were surrounded by a party of Indian hunters on horseback. These Indians took away all the hides and furs which were in the camp, and warned the whites that they were upon Indian hunting grounds and must not come again or "wasps and yellow jackets" would sting them. After giving the warning they rode away.

About this time Squire Boone and another settler arrived, so that there were now eight men together.

Not long after, John Stuart was out as usual hunting with his friend Daniel. The two men separated for a time, agreeing to meet at nightfall. But Stuart was never seen again. The other men supposed that he had been shot by Indians. This frightened them very much, for they remembered what had been said about "wasps and yellow jackets."

Losing all their skins and furs had been discouraging. Losing one of their friends was still more discouraging. All the men except the two Boones decided to go back home, and left at once with Finley to guide them.

Squire and Daniel, left alone, chose a new camp and spent the winter in trapping. As spring came on they



DANIEL BOONE

had collected many skins and furs. Remembering how the Indians had robbed them before, they wished to take no chance of losing their property again. Then too they needed ammunition for the summer hunting season. So Squire started back to North Carolina, his horses well laden with furs, skins, and dried meat, agreeing to return with supplies and news of the families at home.

Daniel was left the only white man in Kentucky. He was now "without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of his fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog."

During the three months of Squire's absence, he explored the entire region, sleeping in caves or thickets, and frequently changing his camping place because of the danger from Indian travelers. Occasionally he saw bands of the red men, but usually avoided being seen by them.

One day, however, he was not so fortunate. While exploring a river, he was suddenly surrounded. The river had a high, steep bank. Daniel looked down sixty feet to the water below him. He must jump or be captured, and he chose to jump. Fortunately he landed in the top of a small maple tree. Sliding down the trunk of this tree, he swam across the river and escaped, for no one of the Indians had the hardihood to follow him.

At another time he found that he was being pursued by several Indians. Pretending not to know of their presence, he kept on his way, though making it as difficult as possible for them to keep his trail. But they gained on him slowly and he was unable to shake them off. Sud-

denly he remembered a game of his childhood — swinging on a grapevine. Quickly cutting from the ground a vine which reached far up into a tall tree, he seized the lower end and made a running jump of many feet. This broke his trail, so that before his Indian followers could find it again, he had time to wade down a stream and get quite away.

In this way passed three solitary months, until Squire's return with supplies, horses, and good news of safety and prosperity at home. The two brothers spent yet another winter together in Kentucky, and returned home in 1771, Daniel having been absent about two years.

VI. "*The Wilderness Road*" and *Boonesborough*

Four or five years passed by. Daniel Boone talked often to his fellow-settlers about the wonders of Kentucky. He told them of its rich soil and beautiful scenery, and of the splendid hunting to be found there. Finally a number of them were persuaded to go with him to the new land.

But three things must be done first. They must make a treaty with the Indians who, you will remember, claimed Kentucky as a hunting ground; and when that was accomplished, a road must be built in order to transport their goods and stock over the mountains. In the third place they must build some kind of fort at the new settlement. These three things Boone and some of his friends set out to do.

They first called together a large company of southern

Indians called Cherokees, and bought of them their right to a large part of Kentucky. They paid them with cloth, ornaments, and firearms. One of the Cherokees said to Boone, "Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it."

Another warned him that "a black cloud hung over the land," and if the settlers got killed the Cherokees must not be blamed.

They spoke in this way because, since Shawnese tribes from the north also laid claim to the Kentucky hunting ground, the disputes about it had been many and would probably continue.

A company of thirty men then set out to make a path over the mountain gap to the Kentucky River. The men cut a narrow road through cane-brakes and brush, and marked the way through the open forest by blazing the tree trunks with axes. The work was hard and dangerous, for they were several times attacked by Indians. At last, however, they reached the Kentucky River, with a well-cut road three hundred miles in length behind them. This was the first regular path into the wilderness. It is now a great highway, still called "The Wilderness Road."

Daniel and Squire had long before chosen the site for their settlement. It was at a place called Big Lick, so named because buffalo herds were in the habit of gathering there to lick salt from the rocks.

The pioneers now began on their fort, Boonesborough, which it took them three months to build.

Boonesborough was oblong in shape. It was about 250 feet long and 150 feet wide. Log cabins were built all around this oblong. The backs of the cabins were outward. There was no door or window in the back of a house. The spaces between the cabins were filled in with heavy log posts, twelve feet high and sharpened at the top. Such a log wall is called a stockade.

At the corners of the fort were four two-story houses having portholes on all sides. From these portholes any Indian who approached the fort could be shot. A heavy gate stood at the center of each of the long sides of the fort. The gates were shut at night and in times of special danger.

As soon as Boonesborough was completed, Boone went back to North Carolina for his own family and the family of his brother Squire. He talked with many of his neighbors about Kentucky. "We have built a safe fort," he said. "Fields are ready for planting. The river is full of fish, and the forest full of game."

All this induced several other families to join the Boones. About fifty people in all gathered their goods and stock together and set out for Kentucky over the Wilderness Road.

"It was a long journey of several hundred miles, and to many persons it would seem a journey fraught with great peril, for they were in danger almost every mile of the way of encountering hostile Indians." But the leaders kept a sharp lookout, and the whole company was fortunate enough to reach Boonesborough safely. This was in September of the year 1775.

VII. *Jemima's Adventure*

Many other pioneers came to Boonesborough and to other forts in Kentucky. All through the winter the settlers lived peacefully. The men hunted and explored, while the women and children lived and worked inside the stockade walls.

But as summer came on, parties of Shawnese Indians from the north began to attack the forts, and even killed some of the settlers. In July Boone's daughter Jemima and two of her friends, Frances and Betsey Calloway, were captured and carried away.

This is the story of their adventure. Jemima and Frances were fourteen years old and Betsey sixteen. The three girls were paddling in a canoe on the Kentucky River. The current took them slowly across the river to the opposite bank. Here trees and bushes grew close to the water's edge.

The girls were playing and splashing the water with their paddles. As they played, the canoe approached a bend in the river. Suddenly five Indian braves, who had hidden in the bushes, waded out and drew the canoe around the bend so that it was out of sight of the fort.

The captured girls screamed loudly for help. Settlers rushed to the river bank, but girls and Indians had disappeared. No one could reach them, for they had taken the only canoe.

Boone and Calloway were gone from the fort at the time the three girls were captured. They got home late

at night, and early in the morning, they and a party of their friends set out in pursuit.

They crossed the river and found that at first the girls had torn off bits of their clothes and fastened them to the bushes as they passed. But soon these signs disappeared, and the cunning Indians, instead of traveling together, had walked some distance apart through the cane-brakes, so that it was impossible to follow them.

Boone, however, was cunning too. "We will go in their direction without following the trail," he said to the other men. "They will not be so careful after they get farther away."

So they walked for thirty miles in the same direction in which the Indians seemed to be traveling. Then they made a turn in order to cross their trail. Before long they found it in a buffalo path. Hurrying on a few miles farther, they caught up with the Indians and their prisoners just as they were preparing a fire for a meal.

Boone and his party rushed forward. The Indians, who had laid down their guns, knives, and hatchets, could do nothing but run away. In a moment the three girls were with their fathers. The Indians did not appear again, and pursuers and prisoners returned to Boonesborough without any more trouble.

VIII. *Boone Captured by Indians*

Some months later another band of Shawnese Indians captured Boone and a party of men from Boonesborough, as they were making salt at one of the salt licks, or springs.

They were taken to a Shawnese village in Ohio. Here several of them were adopted into the Indian tribe. Boone, because of his courage and skill in hunting, was adopted by the chief, Black Fish, in place of a son who had died.

His adoption was a curious ceremony. First all his hair was taken off except a tuft on the top of his head called the scalp-lock. He was then plunged into the Ohio River and scrubbed well in order to wash out his white blood, after which his face was painted and he was dressed in the Indian costume. He was given the name Sheltowee, or Big Turtle.

For several months Boone lived with Black Fish as his son. He was treated kindly, though watched at all times. He was allowed to go hunting, but could have only a certain number of bullets, for each of which his captors insisted that he must bring back game.

Boone, however, was more than a match for them. He cut many of the bullets in two, and used only half in shooting squirrels, turkey, and other small game. In this way he collected a small store of ammunition.

After staying among the Indians for several months, he one day heard them planning a great attack on Boonesborough. He had seemed so contented and happy as the adopted son of Black Fish, that by this time he was not as carefully watched as at first, and he decided to make an effort to escape.

Early the next morning he went out into the forest as usual, taking with him the ammunition he had saved.

But instead of hunting, he started on the one hundred and sixty mile journey back to Kentucky.

He traveled this great distance in four days, managing to elude all pursuers. On the fifth day he reached the fort, and found it out of repair and the settlers not ready for defense. Provisions were hastily collected, the cattle were led inside the stockade, and everything was made ready for the Indian attack which came a few days later.

Some four hundred warriors made the attack. They were commanded by Boone's adopted father, Chief Black Fish. For ten days they surrounded the fort. They tried in many ways to capture it, even digging a tunnel into the bank of the Kentucky River, but this was quickly discovered by the settlers when they saw the river water muddy with clay.

Many of the Indians were wounded or killed. At last they became disheartened and went away. Boone, by his wonderful journey through the forest, had saved Boonesborough, for the Indians never attacked it again.

IX. *The Last Move*

The Shawnees still came to Kentucky, however, for they hated the whites very much. One day a party of four nearly captured Boone again.

He was in the upper part of a small log shelter, stacking dry tobacco leaves. The four Indians rushed in upon him guns in hand, saying,

"Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry you off this time. You no cheat us any more."

Boone replied that he was willing to go with them, but asked them to wait until he had finished his work. Then, carefully gathering a large armful of the long, dry tobacco leaves, he jumped down among them and threw the leaves into their faces. Eyes and nostrils were filled with strong tobacco dust. As they were choking and wiping their eyes, Boone rushed to his cabin, from which he was able to defend himself.

But in spite of Indian dangers, Kentucky became more and more filled with settlers. Just as in North Carolina, game grew scarce and hunting poor. Daniel Boone made up his mind to move still farther west, across the Mississippi River into Missouri, and went there in 1799 with his wife and their younger children.

"Why do you wish to leave Kentucky?" he was asked.

"Too crowded!" was his reply. "I want more elbow-room."

He was very happy in Missouri and never moved again. As long as he lived he took yearly hunting trips. When eighty years old he spent a season in the great game fields of Yellowstone Park. Two years later he went on his last long hunting trip, this time to the Kansas River. At the age of eighty-six he died, a hunter and pioneer to the end of his life.

Daniel Boone was admired and loved by all who knew him. In his old age he became a famous man. Many people came to visit him and hear him tell his wonderful stories. To-day he is rightly called America's most famous pioneer.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

In the English town of Gotham there are said to have lived, many years ago, a number of wise men. But whether they were wise or whether they were foolish, you must decide for yourselves when you have read the tales which I have to tell.

The Cheeses that were Sent to Market

One morning a farmer of Gotham set out for the Nottingham market to sell some cheeses. He rode on horseback and carried his cheeses in a bag behind him. As he was going down the hill to Nottingham bridge, one of the cheeses fell out of his bag and rolled down the hill.

"Welladay!" said the fellow. "Can you run to the market alone? Then I shall send the others after you."

And with that he took his cheeses, and tumbled them all down the hill one after another. Some ran into the bushes, some rolled into a ditch, and others went down to the bridge and rolled into the water.

When the last one was gone, the farmer whipped up his horse and galloped away, calling back to the cheeses, "Be sure that you all meet me in the market place."

He rode across the bridge into Nottingham and waited around in the market place till the market was almost done. Then he went about and inquired of his neighbors and other men if they had seen his cheeses come to market.

"Who should bring them?" asked one of the market men.

"Why, they should bring themselves, of course," replied the farmer. "They know the way well enough. A vengeance on them all! They ran away from me so fast that I felt sure they would run too far. They are by this time half way to the next town. I must after them as fast as I may."

Whereupon he jumped on his horse and started for the next town to get his cheeses. But to this day no man can tell him where they are to be found.

The Sheep and the Sack of Meal

Two men of Gotham once met on Nottingham bridge. Jem was going to the market to buy sheep, and John was coming home from the market.

"Well met," said Jem.

"Well met," said John. "And whither are you going?"

"I am going to market to buy sheep," said Jem.

"Buy sheep?" said John. "And which way will you bring them home?"

"I shall bring them over this bridge," said Jem.

"But you shall not," said John.

"But I will," said Jem.

"You shall not," said John.

"I will," said Jem.

Then they beat their sticks against the ground as if there had been a hundred sheep between them.

"Look out," said Jem. "Beware lest my sheep leap over the bridge."

"I care not where they leap," said John, "but they shall not come this way."

"But they shall," said Jem.

"I can tell you this," said John, "if you say much more I will put my fingers in your mouth."

"Will you indeed?" said Jem.

As they were in the midst of the quarrel, another man of Gotham came from the market with a sack of meal on a horse. Hearing his neighbors talking so angrily about sheep, and seeing no sheep between them, he said,

"Ah, foolish fellows! Will you never learn wit? Why do you quarrel about what you do not have? I will teach you to be wiser than that. Come here and help me lay my sack upon my shoulder."

They did so and he carried it to one side of the bridge. There he unfastened the mouth of the sack and shook all his meal out into the river.

"Well, neighbors," said he, "how much meal is there in my sack now?"

"There is none at all," said they.

"You are right," said he; "and you that quarrel about nothing at all have no more wit in your two heads than I have meal in my sack."

The Cuckoo that Refused to Sing

There were certain men in Gotham who wished to hear the cuckoo sing all the year through. In order to bring this about, they decided to build a wall around a field in the center of the town, and to put a cuckoo inside.

They worked for several days on their wall and at last it was finished, except that they had left a gap in one place through which to put the bird in. Then one of them caught a cuckoo and put her inside the wall, saying, "Sing here all the year, cuckoo, and you shall lack neither food nor drink."

The cuckoo, as soon as she found herself within the wall, flew away.

"A vengeance on her!" said the men. "We did not make our wall high enough, and now all our trouble has been for naught."

The Man who was Kind to his Horse

One day a man of Gotham rode on horseback to a neighboring farm, and bought a heavy bag of wheat. He placed the wheat behind him on his horse and started homeward.

But before he had gone far the horse began to lag. The man got down, saying to himself,

"My horse is too heavily burdened. I will forsooth carry my wheat myself and relieve him."

So he placed the bag of wheat upon his own back, climbed again into the saddle, and started his horse forward at a rapid gait.

When he got home he said to his wife, "I am indeed weary from bearing so heavy a burden; but if I had not done so, I doubt whether our horse would have reached home alive."

And with these words he led the tired beast away.

The Fisherman who was Drowned

Twelve of the wise men went fishing one day. They fished up the stream and down the stream, and caught many fish. As they were going home with their catch, one of the men said,

"We have been in great danger wading in that stream. It is to be hoped that no one of us is drowned."

"Who knows?" said another. "One of us might be. Let us just see about it. Twelve of us went fishing this morning. We must count and see if twelve are going home again."

So he began to count.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven!" he counted. And he did not count himself.

"Alas and alack! One of us is drowned," he cried.

"Woe be unto us! Let me count," said another. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven!" And he did not count himself.

"It is true! It is surely true!" he wailed. "One of us, without a doubt, is drowned!"

Then each one counted, but each one failed to count himself.

"Alas! Alas!" they all cried. "One of us is drowned. Which one is it?"

Back they went, wailing and lamenting, and searched up the stream and down the stream for the neighbor who was drowned. While they were at this work a courtier of the king came riding by.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What do you seek, and why are you so sorrowful?"

"Oh and alas!" said they, "this day twelve of us came to fish in the stream and one is drowned."

The courtier looked at the shallow stream.

"Drowned!" said he in astonishment. "Count yourselves and see how many men there be."

Again they counted, and again each one failed to count himself.

"This is indeed sad!" said the courtier, who readily saw how the mistake had been made. "But perhaps I can help you out. What will you give me if I find the twelfth man?"

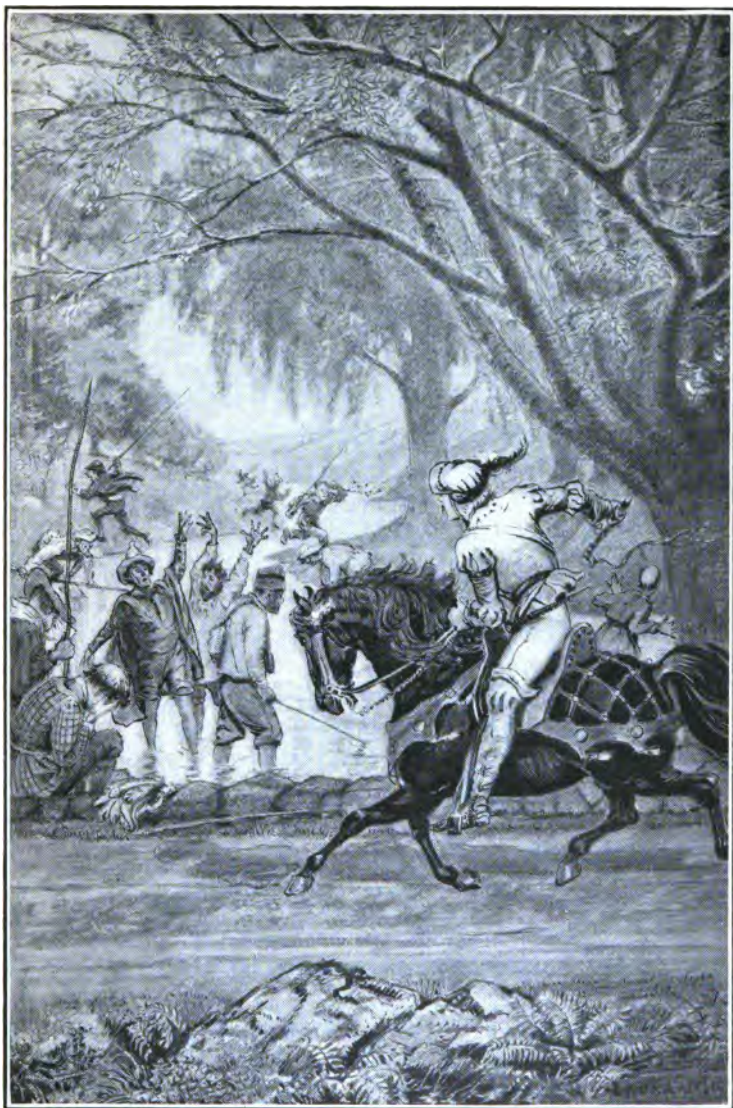
"Good sir," said one, "we will give you all the money that we have."

"Yes, surely we will," said the twelve men together.

Then the courtier began to count. He gave the first man a whack over the shoulder and said, "There is one!" He gave the next a harder whack and said, "There is two!" And so he counted until he came to the last man. He gave this one the hardest whack of all, saying, "And here is the twelfth."

"God bless you, gallant sir," cried the twelve men. "You have found our neighbor who we thought was surely drowned."

And with that the twelve fishermen gave to the courtier all the money that they had, and went merrily away to their homes.



THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

PICCOLA

CELIA THAXTER

Poor sweet Piccola ! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear ?
'T is seldom fortune such favors grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas time, and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola ! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas day ;
Their little darling no joy might stir,
Saint Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas day,
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she awoke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke ;
Such sounds of gladness filled the air,
'T was plain Saint Nicholas had been there !

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild :
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought !" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a little shivering bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving bird she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

Old Carol

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

A True Story of Colonial Days

MARGARET B. PUMPHREY

In the little Massachusetts village of Swansea, lived a widow with her two children, Mary and Benjamin.

The mother was a very good woman, always ready to nurse the sick, feed the hungry, or do anything she could to help those who needed her.

Indians lived in the forest about Swansea, and this good woman was always kind to them. When they were ill she went to see them, and made them broth, and gave them medicine. She tried to teach them about God. Many of them came to her house, and she read the Bible to them. Nearly all of the Indians loved her and would do anything for her.

Among the Indians who came to this house was one named Warmly. He was very fond of cider and would ask for it at every door.

When cider has stood for some time, we say that it becomes "hard." Hard cider is not fit to drink — it is only fit to make vinegar, but Warmly liked the hard cider best.

One day he came to the house and asked Mary for hard cider.

"I cannot give it to you," she said. "It makes you drunk."

Then Warm Sly grew angry and shouted, "You get cider, quick."

Mary called her mother, who said, "No, Warm Sly, cider is wrong."

Then the Indian pretended to be sick and said he needed it for medicine.

"No, you can never get cider here," said Mary's mother again.

Oh, how angry Warm Sly was then! His wicked eyes flashed as he said, "You be sorry! Me pay you. Big fight soon! Indians kill all English. Me pay you! Ugh!"

Sure enough, the "big fight" came sooner than any one thought. The very next Sunday, as they were coming home from church, the Indians fell upon the people, killing many and burning their homes. This was the beginning of King Philip's War.

The Indians, however, remembered the kind woman who had been their friend and did not harm her family or her home.

But she did not forget the angry words of Warm Sly. "I know quite well the other Indians will not harm us, but I am afraid of Warm Sly," she would say. For a long time after this she would not allow Mary or Benjamin to go away from the house alone.

The summer passed and Warmly did not come. At last King Philip was dead and the dreadful war was ended. Autumn came, and with it peace and thanksgiving.

"I think Warmly must have been killed in the war," said the mother, at last.

One day, early in November, she began to make her winter's supply of candles. She hung two great kettles of tallow over the fire to melt.

"We will make a Christmas candle such as we used to have in England when I was a little girl," she told the children.

Mary clapped her hands in delight, for she had never had a real Christmas. There were no stockings hung up on Christmas eve in the old Puritan homes. No Christmas trees sparkled with lighted candles and bowed under their load of toys and pretty gifts. There was no Santa Claus, and no gay holiday; for the Puritan fathers and mothers thought such things foolish and wicked.

"Surely there can be no harm in a Christmas candle," thought Benjamin's mother, as she sent him to find a goose quill.

When he came back, she showed him how to put a little powder into it. Very carefully the quill of powder was tied to a wick which hung over a small stick.

Then Mary and Benjamin held the stick and let the wick down into the melted tallow. When they drew it up, it was covered with the tallow. This soon grew hard, and they dipped it again. Now they could hardly see the quill or the wick because of the thick white coat

of tallow around them. The candle grew thicker each time it was dipped, and at last it was done.

"Now you must not put it where it is too cold or it will crack," said their mother. So they put it up on the kitchen shelf where they could look at it.

"Oh, it is more than a month until Christmas," said the mother. "The candle will grow yellow and ugly if you leave it there."

So it was carefully wrapped in paper and put away in a box; but every few days the children would get it out and look at it. They would gently rub its smooth sides and wonder just where that quill of powder was hidden.

Would Christmas never come? Weeks before, they had invited every child in the school to a Christmas party; but since there were only ten pupils it did not make a very large party after all.

Benjamin hunted for the rosiest apples and the sweetest nuts, and put them away for the candle party. From the beams above the fireplace hung many ears of pop corn, dry and shining.

At last Christmas day came. But no one thought of staying home from school or work because it was Christmas. So the children all went to school, and it was well they did, for the day would have seemed endless to them. The party was to be in the evening, as of course the candle must not be lighted until dark.

But "dark" comes very early at Christmas time, and as soon as the little folks were made clean and ready after school, it was time to go to the party.

In the big kitchen a fire burned merrily in the fireplace. How the flames snapped and crackled as they leaped up the great chimney!

Benjamin passed the rosy-cheeked apples, and the children put them in a row on the hearth to roast. On the bricks near the fire they placed a pile of chestnuts and covered them with hot ashes.

The powder candle was lighted and placed upon the table, and all the other candles were snuffed out.

By and by the chestnuts on the hearth began to burst their shells and pop out. At each loud pop the children would jump and look at the candle.

"When the candle goes off, you will not think it a chestnut," laughed Benjamin. "It will make a noise like a gun."

Then the story-telling began. The children did not have story books in those days. All the stories they knew were those told them by parents and friends. These were usually true stories of the wild life of those early times.

"What a fuss Tige is making!" said Mary. "What do you suppose he is barking and growling at?"

"I hear voices outside," answered her mother. "Very likely some of the parents have come for their children. I will go out and quiet Tige, and tell them he is tied."

When she stepped to the door she could hear voices near the old cider press. Surely those tall, dark figures were not those of her neighbors. When her eyes had grown more used to the darkness, she could plainly see



WHEN THE INDIANS CAME

the forms of three Indians, who now came toward the house.

She hurried into the house and locked the door. She had hardly reached the room where the children were when, with a loud crash, the Indians broke open the door and came in. Great was her terror when she saw that their leader was Warmly.

"Cider, now!" said Warmly, as he sat down near the table.

What could the woman do? She must not give him the cider, for there is nothing more terrible than a drunken Indian. "It must be getting late," she thought, "and the men will soon come for their children. If I can only get Warmly's mind off the cider until then!"

She passed the Indians apples and nuts, cold meat and bread, and they ate greedily. But they did not forget the cider. "White squaw get cider, quick," said Warmly, shaking his big tomahawk with an ugly look.

"Oh, if the neighbors would only come now!" thought the mother, as she went slowly to the cupboard. She took down a large brown pitcher and set it on the table. Then she slowly walked back to the cupboard and took down her pewter mugs, one at a time.

The Indians watched her with eager eyes. "White squaw get cider, quick," repeated Warmly, looking uglier than ever.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a great flash of light. Puff! bang! went the candle with a noise like the firing of a cannon. Benjamin

had put too much powder in the quill. There was a loud rattling of dishes and windows. The children screamed in terror. Even the fire was much scattered and dimmed with a shower of ashes. Then all was strangely still. The rank powder-smoke filled the room and everything was hidden in thick darkness.

When the smoke cleared away, the reviving light of the fire showed the hatchets of the Indians on the floor, and the kitchen door wide open. Not a savage was to be seen. No doubt they thought the white men were upon them, so they made their way back to the forest as fast as possible.

That was the last the colonists ever saw of Warmly.

The neighbors had heard the noise of the candle, and now came to take their children home from the party. How astonished they were to hear the story of the Indians! "God has been very good to us in saving thee and our children from the savages," they said.

Each year after that a Christmas candle was burned in many homes, and the story of how one saved the children of Swansea never grew old. When the children who were at that party grew to be men and women, they told it to their children and grandchildren. And the grandchildren have passed the story down to us.

THE TWELVE MONTHS

EDOUARD LABOULAYE

I

There was once a woman who was left a widow with two children. The elder, who was only her stepdaughter, was named Dobrunka. The younger was called Katinka.

Dobrunka was as beautiful as her sister was homely, so her mother hated her. The poor child had to do all the work of the house. She had to sweep, cook, wash, sew, spin, weave, cut the grass, and take care of the cow.

Katinka lived like a princess, that is to say, she did nothing. One day, in the middle of January, she called Dobrunka to her and said, "Go to the forest and bring me a bunch of violets. I wish to enjoy their fragrance."

"Oh, sister!" said Dobrunka; "as if there were any violets under the snow!"

"Do as I bid you," said her sister. "If you do not go to the forest and bring me back a bunch of violets, I will beat you."

Then the mother took Dobrunka by the arm, put her out of the door, and drew the bolt.

The poor girl went to the forest weeping bitterly. Everything was covered with snow. There was not even a foot-path. She lost her way, and wandered about for a long time.

All at once she saw a light on a hill in the distance. She went on climbing higher and higher. At last she

reached the top of a huge rock, upon which a great fire was built.

Around the fire were twelve stones. On each stone sat a figure wrapped in a large mantle, his head covered with a hood which fell over his eyes.

Three of these mantles were white like the snow, three were green like the grass, three were golden like the sheaves of ripe wheat, and three were purple like the grapes of the vine.

These twelve figures, gazing at the fire in silence, were the Twelve Months of the year.

Dobrunka knew January by his long white beard. He was the only one that had a staff in his hand.

The poor girl was frightened. She drew near, saying in a timid voice, "My good sirs, please let me warm myself by your fire; I am freezing."

January nodded his head. "Why have you come here, my child?" he asked. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for violets," replied Dobrunka.

"There are no violets in the time of snow," said January in his gruff voice.

"I know it," replied Dobrunka, sadly; "but my sister and mother will beat me if I do not bring them some. Please tell me where I can find them."

Old January arose. Turning to a young man in a green mantle, he put his staff in his hand, and said to him, "Brother March, this is your work."

March arose and stirred the fire with the staff. Be-

hold! the flames burned brightly, the snow melted, the grass turned green, and the violets opened — it was spring.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your violets," said March.

Dobrunka gathered a large bouquet, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home.

The fragrance of the violets filled the whole house.

"Where did you get them?" asked Katinka.

"Up yonder, on the mountain," answered her sister.

"It looked like a great blue carpet under the trees."

Katinka did not even thank the poor child.

The next morning the wicked sister, as she sat by the fire, said to Dobrunka, "Go to the forest and bring me some strawberries."

"Oh, sister! as if there were any strawberries under the snow!"

"Do as I bid you. If you don't go to the forest and bring me back a basket of strawberries, I will beat you."

The mother took Dobrunka by the arm, put her out of the door, and drew the bolt.

The poor girl returned to the forest, looking for the light she had seen the day before. She was fortunate enough to spy it, and she reached the fire trembling and almost frozen.

The Twelve Months were in their places, motionless and silent.

"Please let me warm myself by your fire," said Dobrunka; "I am almost frozen."

"Why have you returned?" asked January. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for strawberries," answered she.

"This is not the season for them," said January, in his gruff voice; "there are no strawberries under the snow."

"I know it," said Dobrunka, sadly; "but my mother and sister will beat me if I do not bring them some. My good sirs, please tell me where I can find them."

Old January arose. Turning to a man in a golden mantle, he put his staff in his hand, saying, "Brother June, this is your work."

June arose and stirred the fire with the staff. Behold! the snow melted, the earth grew green, the birds sang, and the flowers opened — it was summer. Thousands of little white stars in the grass turned to strawberries.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your strawberries," said June.

Dobrunka filled her apron, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. The fragrance of the strawberries filled the whole house.

Katinka and her mother ate the strawberries without even thanking the poor child.

II

The third day the wicked sister took a fancy for some red apples. The same threats followed, and Dobrunka ran to the mountain.

"Are you here again, my child?" said old January, making room for her by the fire.

Dobrunka told him, with tears, that if she did not bring home some red apples, her mother and sister would beat her to death.

"Brother September," said January to a gray-bearded man in a purple mantle, "this is your work."

September arose and stirred the fire with the staff. Behold! the snow melted, and the trees put forth a few yellow leaves, which fell one by one before the wind — it was autumn.

Dobrunka saw but one thing, an apple tree, with its rosy fruit.

"Make haste, my child, and shake the tree," said September.

She shook it, and an apple fell. She shook it again, and a second apple followed.

"Make haste, Dobrunka!" cried September; "make haste home!"

The good child thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home.

"Fresh red apples in January! Where did you get these apples?" asked Katinka.

"Up yonder, on the mountain; there is a tree there that is as red with them as a cherry tree in July."

"Why did you bring only two? You ate the rest on the way."

"Oh, sister, I did not touch them. I was only permitted to shake the tree twice, and but two apples fell."

"Begone!" cried Katinka, striking her sister.

The wicked girl tasted one of the apples. She had

never eaten anything so delicious in her life, and neither had her mother. How sorry both of them were not to have more!

"Mother," said Katinka, "give me my fur cloak. I will go to the forest and find the tree. I will shake it so hard that all the apples will be ours."

The mother tried to stop her, but a spoiled child listens to nothing. Katinka wrapped herself in her fur cloak, drew the hood over her head, and hastened to the forest.

Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a foot-path. Katinka lost her way, but she pushed on until she spied a light in the distance.

She climbed and climbed till she reached the place, and found the Twelve Months each seated on his stone, motionless and silent. Without asking their permission she approached the fire.

"Why have you come here? What do you want? Where are you going?" asked old January, gruffly.

"What matters it to you where I came from or whither I am going?" answered Katinka. Then she ran into the forest.

January frowned, and raised his staff above his head. In the twinkling of an eye the sky was overcast, the fire went out, the snow fell, and the wind blew. Katinka could not see the way before her. She lost herself, and vainly tried to retrace her steps. The snow still fell, and the wind still blew.

The mother went without ceasing from the window to

the door, and from the door to the window. The hours passed, and Katinka did not come back.

The poor mother took her fur cloak, and hastened to the mountain. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a foot-path.

She went into the forest, calling her daughter. The snow fell, and the wind blew. She walked on, shouting at the top of her voice. The snow still fell, and the wind still blew.

Dobrunka waited through the evening and the night, but no one returned. "What can have happened?" said the good girl, weeping.

The sun was now shining through an icy mist, and the ground was covered with snow. Dobrunka prayed for her mother and sister, but they did not return. It was not till spring that a shepherd found them in the forest.

Dobrunka was now the mistress of the house, the cow, and the garden, to say nothing of a piece of meadow near the house.

She was soon married, but the Twelve Months did not abandon their child. More than once when the north wind blew and the windows shook in their frames, old January stopped up all the cracks of the house with snow, so that the cold might not enter this peaceful abode.

Dobrunka lived to a good old age. She was always happy, having winter at the door, summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in her heart.

THE STORY OF THE MONTHS

CHARACTERS — Little New Year

Twelve children to recite the poems for each month.

Twelve groups of children for the twelve acts which show what children do in each month.

[NOTE. — New Year and the Months recite. The acts are in pantomime. At the end of the act for each month, the players and the month exit together, leaving an empty stage for the next month.]

(Little New Year dances in. She is dressed in white with a fluffy headdress, and wears tiny bells which tinkle as she moves.)

Little New Year Of all the gifts that come to cheer,
The best one is a brand new year.
Snow-wrapped and holly-decked it comes
To richest and to poorest homes.
Twelve jeweled months all set with days
Of priceless opportunities;
Joy to you for the year that brings
So many and such precious things!

(Dances about the stage and out.)

(January enters wearing a green cape and hood covered with snow.)

January All the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valleys down below
Whirls the blast.
All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny moving rill
Is frozen fast.

Act. Children enter dressed in winter wraps. They skate and slide. A boy runs in with a sled. He collides with two children who are skating together, and then picks them up. Then follows some more winter fun, after which all leave the stage followed by January.

(February enters wearing a white dress covered with red hearts and other valentine symbols. On her head is a heart-shaped cap.)

February February — fortnights two —
Briefest of the months are you,
Of the winter's children last.
Why do you go by so fast?
You're the baby of the year,
And to me you're very dear,
Just because you bring the line,
“*Will you be my Valentine?*”

Act. A boy and girl come in. They seem much excited as though watching for some one. A whistle is heard. It is the postman. Suddenly he appears with a heavy mailbag. He takes from it large square envelopes and gives them to the children. They open them eagerly. Lovely valentines are inside. The children hold them up to show each other. They look very happy and run to tell their mother.

March (holding out a little trumpet).
March is merry, March is mad,
March is gay and March is sad;
March is Spring's own trumpeter,
Hailing us to welcome her.

Act. Girls enter jumping rope. A boy spins a top while others watch him. Another boy flies a kite. Some boys play marbles and two girls throw jackstones.

April (wearing long gray streamers to represent rain).
Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill.

All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun, and clatter, patter.
First the blue and then the shower;
Bursting bud and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide —
All things ready with a will —
April's coming up the hill!

Act. Children enter wearing rain capes, coats, and hats, and carrying umbrellas. They walk about and meet and talk with each other. A boy runs in wearing high rubber boots. He jumps over a puddle. Two other boys laugh with him.

May (girl wearing a violet hat and dress).

Pretty little violets waking from your sleep,
Fragrant little blossoms just about to peep,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolink telling you 'tis May.

Act. A May party. A joyous marching song is heard. The May king and queen enter. A page holds the queen's veil. Behind them are several children with flowers, skipping and making merry. They sing as they march. Then all make a circle around the king and queen and dance.

June (having big paper butterflies on his shoulders and coat and a smaller one on the back of his hand).

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Act. A picnic scene. A large boy and girl enter carrying lunch. Several smaller children carry empty baskets which they fill with flowers and berries. The older children arrange the lunch. When it is ready they call the smaller children who put flowers on the picnic table. All have a merry feast.

July (holding a lighted sparkler).

July, for you the songs are sung
By birds the leafy trees among;
July, for you in silence deep,
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on our glorious holiday,
When all our work we put away,
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American.

Act. A procession headed by a flag-bearer. Behind are a drummer, a bugler, a child with a gun over his shoulder, another with a knapsack, and several others carrying smaller flags. They march around and out in a soldierly manner, erect and with eyes front.

August (carrying a large shell).

When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

Act. Several children, carrying pails and shovels, enter and sit down to play in the sand. Two boys run in wearing bathing suits. They sit down and talk to the children playing in the sand, then jump into the surf.

September (carrying a big bunch of yellow flowers).

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;



THE MONTHS

The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.
The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun ;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.
By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

Act. Children carrying books and school-bags walk briskly to school.
They wave to each other and seem happy to go back to work again.

October (holding a large cornstalk).

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

Act. Several boys have a football scrimmage. They work hard to push the ball along. At last a touchdown is made. One boy takes the ball and runs out, the others following.

November (carrying a cluster of faded leaves).

Who shall sing to bleak November,
Month of frost and glowing ember?
Is there nothing then to praise
In these thirty chilly days?
Ah, but who shall lack for song
When the nights are still and long ;
When beside the logwood fire
We may hear the wood-elves' choir,
Making dainty music float
Up the big brick chimney's throat ;

When within the flames and smoke
We may see the fairy folk,
Coming hither, going thither,
Vanishing, we know not whither —
Or perhaps they all depart
To the forest's frozen heart,
There to tell the barren trees
Of the fireside's mysteries —
How they saw some other elves
Just as funny as themselves!

Act. A fireplace. A number of children come in with a popper and make popcorn. A boy eats an apple. Another takes off his coat because the fire is too warm. When the popcorn is ready, all sit down in front of the fireplace and have a popcorn feast.

December (holding a large Christmas candle).

December Santa Claus shall bring —
Of happy children happy king —
Who with his sleigh and reindeer stops
At all good people's chimney tops.
Then let the holly red be hung
And all the sweetest carols sung,
While all the silver joy-bells chime
To welcome in the Christmas time.

Act. Same fireplace. Some children enter with a Christmas wreath and with stockings in their hands. They go to the fireplace and place the wreath above it, then hold up the stockings to decide where they shall hang. They compare the sizes. Then they hang the stockings and go happily away.

(All the Months enter in order, January first.)

The Months Joy to you for the year that brings
So many and such precious things!

A CREED

Worry less and work more,
Ride less and walk more,
Frown less and laugh more,
Drink less and breathe more,
Eat less and chew more,
Preach less and practice more.

GOOD HEALTH

You live in a little house all by yourself. You were born in it. You will have to live in it all your life. It is your body. People who own houses are proud of them. They take care of them, and try to live in them just as comfortably as they can. The first thing necessary to live comfortably anywhere, is to keep everything sweet and clean and in order.

Your body has a framework of bones, as a house has of timbers. The muscles cover these bones as weather boards, lath and plaster cover the timbers. The skin is a sort of coat of paint to protect the house from the weather. Your body has a heart; that is, a little heating and pumping plant. It has all the tools in it for preparing food for use in the body. It has lungs for ventilating with fresh air. It has sewer pipes for getting rid of waste, and it has a network of little nerve wires to give warning of trouble, inside and out. It has windows to see through, and a telephone in the ear.

It is much better to use a house than to let it stand idle. Things rust out more quickly than they wear out. So it is with your body. You must use every bit of it, every day, and live in every corner of it. The bones and muscles become weak and stiff if they get no regular exercise. Working muscles and bones call for more blood. This compels the heart to beat faster and stronger, and the lungs to call for more air to keep the blood purified.

All parts of the body should be exercised equally. Swimming, rowing, skating, bicycle riding, dancing, and just plain walking in the fresh air, are splendid exercises. Games, like baseball, football, basketball, and tennis, are fine, too. They train both mind and body to think and act quickly. Sweeping a room, hoeing a garden, and splitting kindling are good for the body, also. Laziness is rust for body and mind as well as for the hinges of a door. Don't do anything halfway. Study hard, get your lesson, and quit studying. Play hard and then rest.

Take time to eat. Chew your food. Many grown people eat as if they had to catch trains. This is a greedy, unpleasant habit. Besides, it is harmful. Don't overeat either. If you fill a furnace too full of coal you smother the fire. Doctors often have to be called to help people digest their Thanksgiving dinners.

Don't be afraid of fresh air. Use it all the time. There is plenty of it and it costs nothing. You wouldn't want to wear a suit of second-hand clothing, would you?

Your lungs do not like to breathe second-hand air. They need the oxygen that is in fresh air. A great many people seem to be afraid of night air. That is all the kind of air there is at night, so you have to take your choice between fresh night air and used night air. Doctors cure people with sick lungs by having them sleep out of doors. You can keep your lungs well by sleeping with the windows wide open.

Fresh air never made any one "catch cold." But impure air, living in houses that are too warm and close, sitting in drafts when overheated, and sitting with wet clothing or wet feet, will often make you catch cold. Keep warm and dry, well-fed, clean, active, and cheerful, drink pure water and breathe fresh air, and you will keep well.

Loud noises really hurt many people. Nerves need rest as well as bones and muscles, brains and stomachs. In cities, street cars and railroad trains, factory whistles and wagons and noisy crowds are always hammering at people's nerves. Homes are the places to rest nerves. So don't slam doors or scrape your chair legs on the floor, or throw your shoes across the room, or shout to some one upstairs. You may yell on a hundred-acre farm, or at a baseball game where everyone else is yelling. Very good people often quarrel and cry about little things because their nerves are tormented all the time. Watch these danger signals. Sick nerves take a long, hard time to cure.

Finally, don't take all your troubles into the house to

talk over. Long ago a great poet said: "A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a." This is just as true as that two times two are four. Laugh and grow fat, and save doctor bills. Laughing exercises the lungs; sour thoughts sour on the stomach. Bring all the cheerful things, the pleasant things, the funny things you come across, into the house. No family is as healthy as it might be unless it is happy.

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak
For, prithee, don't you see,
• We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid, —
Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

NORSE STORIES

The Home of the Norse Gods

The people of the far north have their songs and stories, just as do those of sunny Greece and Italy. And I am first going to tell you a little about Asgard, the wonderful city where lived the gods and goddesses of the northland.

Asgard was in a beautiful meadow, which lay on top of a mountain so high that its peaks reached into the clouds. The streets of this city were paved with gold, and its palaces were built of shining white marble and purest silver. The city could be reached only by a bridge most difficult to cross, — a wonderful bridge which we now call the rainbow.

Odin was the greatest of the gods of the north, and his palace was the finest in Asgard. It was called Valhalla, and in it sat Odin on a lofty throne which overlooked the sky and the earth. The throne was a wonderful golden one, ornamented with precious gems.

Here Odin sat in state, a shining helmet on his head, and a huge spear made from the branches of a mighty tree in his hand. He wore a beautiful cloak of blue velvet decorated with stars, and at his feet lay two wolves which devoured all the meat that was set before Odin. For you see, this king of the gods lived mostly on mead, and did not need meat.

Two ravens perched on the back of the golden throne. Every day these ravens flew over the whole world, and brought back all the news to Odin.

How Thor Lost and Won his Hammer

You must know that there was one place which Odin could not control. This was Jotunheim, the country of the frost giants, a cold, frozen country beyond the northern seas. Odin had no power over the frost giants either, for these giants were as old as the gods, and had always been envious of those who dwelt in Asgard. The frost giants would have been supremely happy if they could have crossed the rainbow bridge and entered Asgard.

Half the year these frost giants controlled the earth. They imprisoned streams in their pebbly beds, and hushed the song of the birds.

Odin's eldest son, Thor, was the god of thunder. He carried a magic hammer, which was so strong that it could crush mountains. And no matter how far Thor hurled it, it returned to his hand. Its name was Mjolnir. When Thor swung it over his head, lightning flashed in the sky, and thunder rolled in the mountain tops. The thunder was supposed really to be the noise made by Thor's chariot, always drawn by two swift goats.

Besides the hammer, Mjolnir, Thor had a belt which was called the belt of power. When he wore it, his strength was doubled. Then, too, Thor had an iron glove. When he wore this glove he never missed the mark at which he hurled his hammer, no matter how far away it might be.

Now, if it had not been for Thor and his mighty ham-



THOR, THE BRIDGE, AND THE FROST GIANTS

mer, his belt of power, and his glove of iron, the wicked frost giants might have crossed the rainbow bridge and invaded the city of the gods. But he was ever watchful, and so the giants of the north hated him and tried in many ways to take possession of Miolnir.

One day Thor returned from a long journey, and being worn out from lack of sleep he sank on his palace steps and fell into a heavy slumber. Hours afterward when he awoke, Miolnir was missing. He hunted everywhere, but not a trace of the hammer could be found.

Now there was in Asgard a god named Loki. He was a naughty little god, good-natured, but very fond of mischief. Thor sent for him, thinking he might have played a prank and hidden the precious hammer. Loki declared he had not seen Miolnir, and offered to go in search of it.

Then Thor thought of the wicked giants, and his eyes flashed like fire, and he roared: "The frost giants have stolen Miolnir by enchantment and no one on earth or in heaven knows where they may have hidden it."

Loki put on a pair of magic shoes which carried him along swiftly, and went off to seek Thor's hammer. He traveled for many days without meeting any one, but at last he saw one of the giants, Thrym by name, sitting on a mountain-side. He was watching his sheep, and making golden collars for his dogs.

"Welcome, Loki," called out Thrym, when he saw the visitor from Asgard. "How goes it with the gods of the golden city, and what has brought you on such a long journey?"

"It goes badly with the gods and with Asgard since you stole Thor's hammer," said shrewd Loki, guessing that Thrym might be the thief. "And I have come to find where you have hidden Miolnir."

Now Thrym was very ugly and very big and strong; so he was somewhat surprised at Loki's boldness. Indeed he was so surprised that he was at a loss for an immediate answer. He laughed loud and long, until the hills echoed and re-echoed. He laughed until the trees shook, and the stones rolled down and rattled into the valleys below. Then he tore a huge tree up by the roots and flung it far so that it fell into the distant sea. That was to show Loki his great strength.

After all this, he turned and said: "You will never find Thor's wonderful hammer, friend Loki, for I have buried it nine miles under the earth."

Loki threatened the giant with all manner of awful punishments. Thrym remained firm, for he knew that the gods were powerless without Miolnir and that he was on the safe side. Then Loki coaxed and pleaded — but all in vain.

At last the giant said: "Go back to Asgard and tell Odin, and Thor, and all the others, that I shall give back the hammer when they give me Freya for my wife."

Loki, seeing that his coaxing and threatening were in vain, returned swiftly to Asgard with the giant's message. Odin was furious, but Thor went quickly to Freya and said: "Put on your bridal dress, Freya, and come with me to Thrym. He has buried my hammer nine miles

underground, and unless you marry him, he will not give it back."

Now Freya, who was the goddess of love, was most beautiful. She was devoted to music, flowers, and the springtime, and she did not like the idea of journeying to the frozen country of the north and dwelling there.

In fact, she flew into a dreadful rage, and stamped until the floors of the palace shook. Thor departed in haste; he did not like the things Freya said in her anger. He called all the gods together, and they held a council to decide what should be done to punish Thrym and get back the hammer. All were greatly alarmed, because they knew that the frost giants might descend on Asgard at any minute, now that the hammer was gone.

At last the mischievous Loki said: "There is but one way to recover Mjolnir. Thrym must have a bride, and as Freya will not go, let us dress Thor like her and send him. Let us array him in a bridal gown, with precious stones on his head, a necklace, and a bridal veil."

"Never," roared Thor. "I should be the joke of all the gods of Asgard."

"But the hammer is yours," returned Loki, "and it is your duty to recover it. Unless it is brought back soon, the giants will capture Asgard and rule over us."

So Thor said no more, but allowed himself to be dressed as a bride in a rich embroidered robe, with beautiful jewels, a necklace, and a girdle of shining gold. And what fun the gods and goddesses had while he was being thus arrayed! The robe belonged to Freya, and several

maidens were called to let out the seams, and put in extra pieces, and let down the hem before huge Thor could get into it. Then the maidens brushed and curled his red hair and covered it with a headdress of jewels. Last of all they put on the bridal veil, which covered him even to his feet.

Meanwhile the gods had harnessed Thor's milk-white goats to his chariot, and thus he and Loki set out for the frost giants' country.

When Thrym saw the bridal party approaching he was filled with delight. He ran to meet them, and tried to lift the bride's veil so that he might see her face. Loki forbade him, saying that the goddess was timid.

Thrym led the way to his palace. There his kinsmen and followers were assembled, and the tables were spread for a feast.

"Rise, you giants," shouted Thrym, "and make way for Freya, my bride."

After welcoming the timid bride, they seated themselves for the feast. Thrym urged his bride to eat, but she appeared too frightened. As for Thrym, he was as happy as could be, for it wasn't every giant who could win a goddess for his bride.

And now the bride's fear appeared to grow less, for she arranged her veil so that she could eat without lifting it enough to show her face. Surely, the sight he now beheld should have made Thrym suspect treachery. For the timid bride ate eight large salmon, then twelve roasted birds, and next a whole ox. Then she drank

three barrels of mead, and turned her attention to the delicacies which had been specially prepared for the ladies who were at the feast.

Thrym was really amazed, and called out: "Did any one see such an appetite in a bride before this?"

Now Loki began to worry, so he whispered to the giant, "Freya has been so delighted at the thought of coming here that she has eaten nothing for eight days."

At last the feast was over, and it was time for the wedding. Thrym ordered the elves to bring in the hammer, Miolnir. While they were waiting for it, Thrym peeped through the bridal veil at the bride's eyes.

Instantly he cried out to Loki, "Why are Freya's eyes so fierce?"

"Oh," replied the bride's serving-maid, "she has been without sleep for a week, so eager has she been to come here. Her eyes are bright for lack of sleep."

And now the elves arrived with the hammer, so Thrym asked no more questions. He ordered the elves to lay it in Freya's lap. No sooner had they done so, than she grasped it firmly by the handle, tore off the bridal veil, and there stood before the astonished and frightened gathering, Thor the Thunderer, his face as black as a storm cloud, his eyes blazing.

There was no chance to escape, even if all present had not been too frightened to move. Thor swung the hammer over his head, and the palace rocked like a baby's cradle. There was one blinding flash of lightning after another, peal after peal of thunder, the walls fell

over, and Thrym and all his people were buried in the ruins.

Thus did Thor lose and recover his mighty hammer, and thus were the frost giants punished.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR TO THE FROST GIANTS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miolnir the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

SKRYMIR THE GIANT

DAVID STARR JORDAN

When Odin climbed up on his air throne one morning and looked down over the earth, he saw a huge frost giant away off in the north. The frost giant walked along until he came to a flock of sheep. He seized the shepherd and tossed him out into the water and picked up the sheep and put them into his pocket. Then he lazily walked away, pulling the sheep out of his pocket, and cracking and eating them just as you would eat hazelnuts.

Odin did not like that sort of thing; so he told his son Thor to take his hammer and go up there and hammer that frost giant. Thor took his hammer and walked over to Jotunheim, where the giants have their castle. When

he was outside the castle he found a great hulking fellow who went with him and carried his baggage, so that Thor had nothing to do but to walk around and hit the rocks with his hammer, knocking them to pieces, and to tell what he was going to do when he got up among the giants.

They went to sleep that night, and by and by Thor woke up and heard a terrible sound like the crashing of all-timbers and the noise of all-thunders. When he heard the noise he was frightened and ran into a house he saw there, which was open at one end and had a big room and a little room. He crawled away into the little room and stayed in it until the noise stopped.

The next time he heard the noise he went out to see what it was, and found that it was the big boy, Skrymir, who had come along with him. Skrymir was lying on the ground and snoring away with all his might, and Thor now saw that the house he had run into was Skrymir's mitten which he had thrown off, so big and clumsy that it looked like a house.

Thor took his hammer, for he did not like Skrymir very well, and ran up to him where he was snoring and hit him a big blow in the face with it, striking with all his might. Skrymir stopped his noise for a minute and almost waked up, and he said, "What is this? Somebody's dropping sand on me;" and then he went to sleep again and snored louder than ever, so that the rocks shook.

Then Thor went up to him again, and taking up his big hammer he struck him in the face just as hard as he could, and Skrymir waked up for a moment, and said,

"What is this? I wish these flies wouldn't bother me;" and then he went to sleep again and snored louder than ever.

Then Thor went up to him with his hammer in both hands and struck him just as hard as he could strike, and Skrymir woke up again. "I wish these birds would stop dropping leaves here," he said; and then Thor ran back into the mitten and stayed there till morning.

When morning came, Thor walked up to the gates of the castle of Jotunheim. The walls of the gate were as high as the sky and he could hardly see to the top of the gate. When he went in he found the king of the giants who asked him what he wanted.

Thor had two men with him, and the king said, "Who are these little fellows that have strayed in here?" Then he asked Thor if there was anything they could do; and Thor said that he felt so hungry that he could eat an ox.

The king gave him something to eat, and told him that if he could eat as fast as one of his men, he was a good deal smarter than he thought he was. So Thor began to eat with all his might, and ate up the meat just as fast as he could, but the giant's man ate faster. Besides, he ate the dishes and all, and the pots in which the meat was cooked, while Thor looked on with surprise.

Then the giant reached for his drinking horn, and said, "We generally drink this at one swallow. If you are thirsty you ought to do it even quicker than that."

So Thor took up the drinking horn and drank with all his might; but drink as hard as he would, he could not

empty the horn. It seemed just as full, after he thought he had emptied it, as it was when he began. And the giant looked at him, and said, "You are a puny fellow if you cannot drink this horn at one swallow."

Then he said, "Maybe you can do something else; maybe you are strong. There is an old cat on the floor there. Just see if you can lift her."

Thor went out to the floor, feeling a little ashamed that he could not empty the drinking horn. He took hold of the cat around the waist, though he could hardly reach around her, and lifted as much as he could; but strain as hard as he might, he could not raise one paw. Sometimes he would move the cat just for a minute, and when he did that everything seemed to crack.

And then the king said, "Out there in the yard you will find an old woman. Go out and wrestle with her. She is the weakest one of all of us. Maybe you can throw her. If you can, you can do more than I think."

So Thor went out and began to wrestle with the old woman, and every time he took hold of her she would trip him and throw him on the ground. He tried again and again, but every time she was too much for him.

Thor felt very much ashamed and left the castle and started back on the road from Jotunheim. As he came out of the castle he saw Skrymir coming. Then he looked at him a little closer and saw that Skrymir was the same person as the king of the castle.

Then Skrymir, the king of the giants, told Thor how he had been fooled inside the castle; that when he had

tried to eat, the man who ate against him was Fire, and Fire could devour the food and the dishes in which the food was kept. The drinking horn he had tried to empty was the ocean itself, and as fast as he drank, so fast the tides would fill it up again. One end seemed like a drinking horn, but the other end was the great sea. Then the cat was no cat at all, but the great Mitgard serpent, whose tail runs around the world and then goes down her own throat, and so holds the whole world together.

"When you began to lift on the serpent," he said, "we could hear its bones crack, and we were afraid you might pull it in two, so the earth would all fall to pieces. Then the old woman you wrestled with was Time, and Time goes on forever. Time can throw any man. She will last after you and I and all the giants and all the men on earth are gone. She can throw us all, and it's no wonder that she threw you."

Thor looked at him and saw how his face grew large, and that there were great gullies in his cheeks and on his forehead. Then Skrymir said: "Those are the marks of your hammer — great gullies that big trees could grow in, and houses could be built in, and with lairs for wild beasts." And then Thor looked at him again and he saw that Skrymir was no man at all, but the old rough world itself, whose face was covered with scars of his hammer.

So he went back home to Odin his father and told him that the giants up there in Jotunheim were too big for him to fight with. If he went there again he must have a new hammer, and it must be as large as all the earth.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

LEWIS CARROLL

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun !”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it *would* be grand !”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.



"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.



Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,

"To talk of many things :
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,

"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat."

"No hurry," said the Carpenter.

They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,

"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us !" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view ?"

"It was so kind of you to come,
And you are very nice."

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice ;
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice !"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick."



"I weep for you," the Walrus said :
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.
"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?"
But answer there came none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

THE BOGGARTS WHO BECAME BROWNIES

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

I

"Children are a burden," said the tailor, as he sat on his bench stitching away.

"Children are a blessing," said the kind lady in the window.

It was the tailor's mother who spoke. She was a very old woman and nearly helpless. All day she sat in a large armchair knitting rugs.

"What have my two lads ever done to help me?" continued the tailor, sadly. "They do nothing but play. If I send Tommy on an errand, he loiters. If I ask him to work, he does it so unwillingly that I would rather do it myself. Since their mother died I have indeed had a hard time."

At this moment the two boys came in, their arms full of moss which they dropped on the floor.

"Is there any supper, grandmother?" asked Tommy.

"No, my child, only some bread for breakfast tomorrow."

"Oh, grandmother, we are so hungry!" and the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"What can I do for you, my poor children?" said the good woman.

"Tell us a story, please, so that we can forget that we are hungry. Tell us about the brownie who used to live in your grandfather's house. What was he like?"

"Like a little man, they say."

"What did he do?"

"He came early in the morning before any one in the house was awake, and lighted the fire and swept the room and set out the breakfast. He never would be seen and was off before they could catch him. But they often heard him laughing and playing about the house."

"Did they give him any wages, grandmother?"

"No, my dear, he did the work for love. They always set a pan of clear water for him, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk."

"Oh, grandmother, where did he go?"

"The Old Owl in the woods knows; I do not. When I was young, many people used to go to see the Old Owl at moonrise, and ask her what they wanted to know."

"How I wish a brownie would come and live with us!" cried Tommy.

"So do I," said Johnny.

"Will you let us set out a pan of water for the brownie, father?" asked Tommy.

"You may set out what you like, my lad, but you must go to bed now."

The boys brought out a pan of water. Then they climbed the ladder to the loft over the kitchen.

Johnny was soon in the land of dreams, but Tommy lay awake thinking how he could find a brownie and get him to live in the house. "There is an owl that lives in the grove," he thought. "It may be the Old Owl herself. When the moon rises, I'll go and find her."

II

The moon rose like gold and went up in the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes and ran to the window. "The moon has risen," said he, "and it is time for me to go." Downstairs he crept softly and out into the still night.

"Hoot! hoot!" cried a voice from the grove near the house.

"That's the Old Owl," thought Tommy. He ran to a big tree and looked up. There he saw the Old Owl, sitting on a branch and staring at him with yellow eyes.

"Oh, dear!" said Tommy, for he did not like the Owl very well.

"Come up here! Come up here!" she cried.

Tommy climbed the tree and sat face to face with her on the big branch.

"Now, what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "I want to know where to find the brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us."

"Oo-hoo! oo-hoo!" said the Owl. "That's it, is it? I know of three brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Where do they live?"

"In your house," said the Owl.

"In our house! Whereabouts? Why don't they work?" cried Tommy.

"One of them is too little," said the Owl.

"But why don't the other two do something?" said

Tommy. "Nobody does any work at our house except father."

"They are idle, they are idle," said the Old Owl.

"Then we don't want them," said Tommy. "What is the use of having brownies in the house if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know what to do."

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy. "I could tell them what to do."

"Could you, could you? Oo-hoo! oo-hoo!" and Tommy could not tell whether the Owl was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could. They might get up early in the morning and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table before my father comes downstairs."

"So they might!" said the Owl. "Well, I can tell you where to find one of the brownies, and he can tell you where to find his brother. Go to the north side of the pond, where the moon is shining on the water, turn yourself around three times, while you say this charm:

*'Twist me and turn me and show me the elf —
I looked in the water and saw —'*

Then look in the water, and think of a word which rhymes with 'elf' and make the charm complete."

Tommy knew the place very well. He ran to the north side of the pond, and turning himself around three times, he repeated the charm. Then he looked in and saw — himself.

"Why, there's no one but myself. What can the right word be? I'll go back and ask the Old Owl," thought Tommy. And back he went. There sat the Owl as before.

"Oo-hoo," said she, as Tommy climbed up. "Did you find out the word?"

"No," said Tommy, "I could find no word that rhymes with 'elf' except 'myself.'"

"Well, that is the word! Now, do you know where your brother is?"

"In bed in the loft," said Tommy.

"Then all your questions are answered. Good night," and the Old Owl began to shake her feathers.

"Don't go yet," said Tommy, humbly; "I don't understand you. I am not a brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are, and a very idle one, too," said the Old Owl. "All children are brownies."

"But are there really no brownies except children?" inquired Tommy, in a dismal tone.

"No, there are not. Now listen to me, Tommy. Little people can do only little things. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called boggarts, and they are a burden to the house they live in. When they are thoughtful and useful, they are brownies, and are a blessing to everyone."

"I'll be a brownie," said Tommy. "I won't be a boggart. Now I'll go home and tell Johnny."

"I'll take you home," said the Owl, and in a moment Tommy found himself in bed, with Johnny sleeping by his side.

"How quickly we came," said Tommy to himself. "But is it morning? That is very strange! I thought the moon was shining. Come, Johnny, get up; I have a story to tell you."

III

While his brother was rubbing his eyes Tommy told him of his visit to the Old Owl in the grove.

"Is that all true?" asked Johnny.

"It is all just as I tell you, and if we don't want to be boggarts, we must get up and go to work."

"I won't be a boggart," said Johnny, and so the two brownies crept down the ladder into the kitchen. "I will light the fire," said Tommy. "And you, Johnny, can dig some potatoes to roast for breakfast." They swept the room and laid the table. Just as they were putting the potatoes in a dish they heard footsteps.

"There's father," said Tommy; "we must run."

The poor tailor came wearily down the stairs. Morning after morning he had found an untidy room and an empty table. But now when he entered the kitchen, he looked around in great surprise. He put his hand out to the fire to see if it was really warm. He touched the potatoes and looked at the neat room. Then he shouted, "Mother, mother! boys, boys, the brownie has come!"

There was great excitement in the small house, but the boys said nothing. All day the tailor talked about the brownie. "I have often heard of the Little People," he said, "but this is wonderful. To come and do the work for a pan of cold water! Who would have believed it?"

The boys said nothing until they were both in bed. Then Tommy said: "The Old Owl was right, and we must stick to the work if we don't want to be boggarts. But I don't like to have father thinking that we are still idle. I wish he knew that we are the brownies."

"So do I," said Johnny.

Day after day went by and still the boys rose early, and each day they found more and more to do. The brownies were the joy of the tailor's life.

One day a message came for the tailor to go to a farmhouse several miles away. The farmer gave him an order for a suit of clothes, and paid him at once. Full of joy at his good fortune, he hurried home. As he came near the house, he saw that the garden had been weeded. "It's that brownie!" he said; "and I shall make a suit of clothes for him."

"If you make clothes for the brownie, he will leave the house," said the grandmother.

"Not if the clothes are a good fit, mother. I shall measure them by Tommy, for they say the brownies are about his size."

At last a fine new suit with brass buttons was finished and laid out for the brownie.

"Don't the clothes look fine?" said Tommy, when he came down in the morning. "I'll try them on."

The tailor rose earlier than usual that day, for he wished to catch a glimpse of the brownies. He went softly downstairs. There was Johnny sweeping the floor, and Tommy trying on the new suit.



THE HAPPY BROWNIES

"What does this mean?" shouted the father.

"It's the brownies," said the boys.

"This is no joke," cried the tailor, angrily. "Where are the real brownies, I say?"

"We are the only brownies, father," said Tommy.

"I can't understand this. Who has been sweeping the kitchen lately, I should like to know?"

"We have," said the boys.

"Who gets breakfast and puts things in order?"

"We do! we do!" they shouted.

"But when do you do it?"

"Early in the morning before you come down."

"But if you do the work, where is the brownie?"

"Here," cried the boys; "we are the brownies, and we are sorry that we were boggarts so long."

The father was delighted to find how helpful his boys had become. The grandmother, however, could hardly believe that a real brownie had not been in the house. But as she sat in her chair day after day watching the boys at their work, she often repeated her favorite saying, "Children are a blessing."

THE WINDMILL

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Behold ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower.
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind on my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands ;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

RAIN IN SUMMER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;

And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where :
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY



They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Him, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Oh! save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON

A great Congressman once said about George Washington that he was

“First in war,
First in peace,
First in the hearts of his countrymen.”

He was first in war — commander-in-chief of the American army during our great Revolutionary War, which led after seven years of struggle to national independence.

He was first in peace — chosen to be the first President of the United States after the war was over, chosen a second time, and would have been chosen again, if he had not refused the honor, saying that eight years was long enough for any man to be the president of a republic.

He was and is first in the hearts of his countrymen — to this day called “The Father of his Country,” for which he did and dared so much.

Washington's First Service for his Country

Washington's services for his country began when he was a young man of twenty-one. At this time — it was in the year 1753 and long before the Revolutionary War began — there was grave trouble between the French and English colonies. Both French and English claimed land along the Ohio River, and neither side was willing to give up its rights.

Finally it was learned that the French were bringing

down troops from Canada, and building forts along the river. Worse than that, they began to warn all English traders and colonists that they must at once give up their claims or trouble would follow.

This was too much for the English to endure. Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia decided to send a friendly letter to the French commander, four hundred miles away, complaining that he had built forts on land which belonged to the English, and urging him to go away peaceably and leave the English alone.

Of course there were no railroads then. There were not even good roads, only Indian trails. Part of the way was through a dense forest, peopled by hostile Indians. Somebody would have to take this dangerous journey, and carry the governor's letter to the French commander.

Washington lived in Virginia, and he gladly agreed to undertake the mission, even though he knew that he might never get home alive. He started on the last day of October with a pilot, an Indian interpreter, and four other men. They carried horses, tents, and provisions.

After four weeks of travel, the party met a friendly Indian chief who told them that it would take "five or six sleeps" of fast traveling to reach the French commander. The real distance was about seventy miles.

Washington and his party set forth again, this time with three Indian guides. Several days of travel through snow and rain and mire and swamp followed before they reached the fort, which consisted of houses forming a hollow square, defended by a high stockade.

When Washington presented himself at the gate of this fort, with his interpreter, they were met by an officer and taken to the French commander. He at once offered his letter of complaint. Two days passed by, and then a sealed letter of reply was delivered to him for Governor Dinwiddie.

There was so much snow and stormy weather that Washington decided to return to the home of the Indian chief by water. The horses were sent ahead, and men and baggage started in canoes.

It was a rough and dangerous journey. Ice floated in the creek, and there were unseen rocks to be avoided. Sometimes, when the water was shallow, the men had to wade and steady their canoes. At one place they carried canoes and baggage on their backs for a quarter of a mile.

The last part of the journey was taken by land. For three days the men tramped on foot, leading the horses. But the cold increased and more snow fell. Washington was in such haste to present his letter to the governor that he decided to push ahead through the woods with one companion, and leave the others to follow more slowly.

Dressed in Indian hunting costume, the two men set out. Each carried a gun and a pack containing provisions. They traveled by day, and by night lit a fire and camped upon the frozen ground.

One day they were shot at by a party of Indians, but succeeded in driving them away. Then, leaving a bright camp-fire burning in order to deceive their enemies, they traveled hurriedly all night. They thought that they

might be followed, and wished to get as far away as possible before daylight.

They walked all that day, and on the second night reached a river which they had hoped to find frozen over, so that they could cross easily. But there was only a little ice along the edges and they had to stop and build a raft. When it was finished, they launched it and tried to push themselves across the river by means of long poles. Before they were halfway over, the raft became jammed between cakes of ice. Washington tried to push the raft free, instead of which he lost his balance and fell into the icy water.

After much trouble the two men managed to reach a little island near which they were drifting. They passed the night here, exposed to intense cold, and in the morning walked to shore on the floating ice.

At last, after five weeks of travel, Washington and his companion reached Virginia, where he delivered his letter to the governor and made a full and satisfactory report of his investigations.

This was Washington's first service for his country.

— Based on Irving's *Life of Washington*.

How a Corporal Went to School

Early one morning, during the Revolutionary War, General Washington was walking about the camp which his soldiers were fortifying. He wore a long overcoat as the weather was cold. He also wore a hat pulled down over his face to keep the wind away. The coat covered

his uniform, and the hat his face, so that no one knew who he was.

He came at last to a group of men who were making a breastwork of logs. A young corporal was in command. The soldiers were just about to raise one of the heaviest logs as Washington walked by. The corporal stood behind them shouting his orders.

"Ready!" he cried. "Up with it! All together!"

The men lifted with all their might. The log, however, was too heavy for them and they were obliged to let it fall back.

"Try again!" shouted the corporal. "Ready now! Up! Up!" And still he did not put his hand to it himself.

The men did their best, but the log would have fallen back again, had not Washington put his shoulder to work with theirs. With the extra help the log was lifted into its place and the men, much relieved, gave thanks to their helper.

Washington then turned to the corporal and asked in a stern voice, "Why do you do nothing? Why do you not help your men?"

"Why do I not help them?" said the corporal. "Don't you see that I am the corporal?"

"Indeed!" answered Washington. "Well, I am the Commander-in-chief. When you have another log too heavy to lift, send for me." And, without giving the astonished corporal time to reply, he strode on his way.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
After the painting by Rothermel

How Washington Looked

He was a courtly man,
Wearing his honors as heroes can.
Erect and tall, with his six feet two;
Knee-breeches, buckles, frills, and queue;
Powdered brown hair; blue eyes far apart;
Strong-limbed and fearless with gentle heart;
Gracious in manner towards every one;
This was our George Washington.

The Little Cook's Reward

L. A. MCCORKLE

After nearly eight years of fighting, the War of the American Revolution was ended by Lord Cornwallis's surrender to General Washington, at Yorktown, in Virginia. Our colonies became states, and joined themselves together under one government as the United States of America. Of course George Washington was made the first President, for it was he who had led the American army to victory. You can hardly realize how the people at that time admired and loved that great hero.

When he had been President two years, Washington made up his mind to take a journey through the Southern States. He wanted to see those who had been so loyal to the American cause.

The people were delighted at having with them their beloved President. Everywhere he went they rejoiced to honor him. In every town great crowds gathered to

greet him, and he was received with cheers, patriotic songs, and speeches of welcome. The militia and great processions of little children, and vast crowds of people, came out to meet him. At some places, spanning the road, were immense arches of flowers for him to pass under, and little girls strewed flowers before him as he rode along.

This gay party was a sight worth seeing, as it made its way through our southland. There were no railroads then; so General Washington rode in his great cream-colored chariot of state, with its gilt trimmings, green blinds, leather curtains, and soft black-leather cushions. This coach was drawn by four large white horses. Should the general tire of his coach, there was his milk-white saddle-horse led along for his use. An escort of four outriders accompanied the chariot, and five servants, all wearing white livery with yellow trimmings. A light baggage wagon, drawn by two horses, followed the escort.

In order to get a good view of the country, Washington sometimes took the driver's seat, and he tells us that once, when the driver fell sick while passing north through western North Carolina, he himself took the reins for a distance of twenty miles or more.

We do not wonder that men, women, and children gathered in crowds at every town through which he passed, and lined the roads and streets before the expected arrival of this great man. Nor do we wonder that the heart of pretty little Betsy Brandon was heavy and that her steps were slow, as she went about her tasks that

bright Monday morning in May, 1791, when the President was expected at Salisbury, North Carolina. Had she not reason to be heavy-hearted? For all the family had gone to Salisbury, six miles away, to see General Washington pass by on his way north, while to Betsy had fallen the sad lot of staying alone to look after the house.

And such a grand time they were to have at Salisbury! The militia would be drawn up in line to receive him. There would be a speech of welcome. Forty little boys, dressed like men, in long coats and high hats, her own brother Robert among them, would march with the soldiers, and one of them would also make an address of welcome to the President.

We may be sure it was a sad trial to a bright young girl of fourteen not to be allowed to see all this. How she longed to look on the tall figure and fine face of the great general! How she would like to see that beautiful chariot, with its four milk-white steeds, and the servants in livery of white and gold! But here she must stay, and she would never have another chance to see the first President of the United States. Such thoughts filled Betsy's heart, as she sat on the bench on the shaded porch under the great oak.

How still it was! How could she endure this quiet all day long, for it was not yet nine o'clock!

But what sound was that? Surely it was some one coming. Yes, there, galloping up the Charlotte road, were horsemen. After them came a chariot, and then more horsemen. The cavalcade stopped at the gate.

Betsy's heart stood still. A tall, handsome man stepped from the carriage, and came up the walk. Betsy blushed and made a curtsy as he reached the steps.

"Good morning, my little maid!" said the tall man. "I know it is late, but could you not give an old man some breakfast?"

Poor Betsy blushed more than ever, and curtsied again as she replied: "I don't know, sir. All the grown folks have gone to Salisbury to see General Washington, and I am the only one left on the place."

"Never mind, my pretty maid, if you are alone. I am sure you are quite as capable as you are pretty. Just give me a breakfast, and I will promise that you shall see General Washington before any of your people."

"Well, sir," said Betsy, her heart beating wildly, "I will try to do for you the very best I can, though our fare is quite plain."

With swift hands and nimble feet she set to work, and it did not take her long to spread the table with snowy cloth of homespun linen, and put out the best of her mother's china and silver. Then she ran to the spring-house for golden butter and foamy milk. Honey, savory ham, and new-laid eggs, with bread, and the milk and butter, made an ample breakfast for the hungry stranger.

When he left the table, her unknown guest thanked her for her hospitality, and stooping over, kissed her.

"Little cook," he said, "tell your mother and father when they get home that you not only saw George Washington before they did but that he kissed you."

THE BOY WHO SAVED THE SETTLEMENT

During the Indian war of 1855-56, a boy of fifteen, named Goodman, performed one of the most daring acts of the war, an act which made his name memorable not only among the whites, but also among the red men. Even to this day his valiant exploit is told by many a swarthy savage to his children as they group about him at the wigwam fire, with all the eloquence that brave and unselfish deeds arouse in the red man's breast.

Young Goodman's parents were honest, simple, poor people, who had left one of the Atlantic States, which seemed to them to be overcrowded, for the sparsely settled region of Washington Territory, then inhabited only by Indians and a few daring pioneers principally engaged in trapping and hunting for the fur companies.

After many a weary month spent in traveling over the great plains in bullock-carts, and suffering much from hunger, sickness, and the attacks of Indians, they finally reached a haven on Puget Sound, and there settled.

The family consisted of two little girls and our hero, who was only nine years of age when his parents settled in that wild region; but, young as he was, he proved to be useful, and helped his father as much as he could to build the log cabin which gave them permanent shelter.

As he grew up he accompanied his father on hunting trips to provide venison for food, or on fishing excursions on Puget Sound, so that when he was twelve years of age

he could handle a rifle or a bow and arrow very well, and he was as dexterous as an Indian in the use of the paddle.

The fame of the place spread after a while, and families from other States flocked there in such numbers that the Indians became alarmed, thinking that they would be driven out of the country by this unexpected immigration. In order to prevent this, all the tribes, both on the coast and in the interior, united to expel or exterminate the whites.

These latter had not the most remote idea of the threatening storm, and it was only when they heard of the massacring of men, women, and children in several places, and the simultaneous rising of all the tribes throughout the country, that they became alarmed enough to unite for defense.

The Goodman family were informed of the approaching danger by a friendly squaw; and the father took immediate steps to protect those under his care by sending the wife and girls to a hamlet a few miles away, while he and his son remained to guard the house, if possible, or at least to learn the movements of the foe.

Mr. Goodman's caution had not been exercised too soon, for that very same night a party of painted warriors approached the place. But their presence was disclosed before they came too near by the barking of a dog. Thus warned, both father and son, with a friendly Indian, ran from the house amid a shower of arrows. Fleeing to their canoe, they launched it in hot haste, and were soon beyond the reach of their dusky foes.

They hurried as fast as they could to the little hamlet where the remainder of the family had been sent, and informed the residents of the coming danger. Then commenced a hurrying to and fro, and men, women, and children were soon engaged in throwing up a fort of clay. So well did they work that, by the next day, they had constructed a fortification large enough to afford shelter to all. After it was provisioned, all persons capable of handling a rifle or shotgun, whether men, boys, or women, were called upon to aid in the defense, as they could expect nothing else than a cruel death if the place were captured.

About noon a large fleet of war canoes was seen approaching from the north. When this fleet came within rifle-range, a battle commenced with all the fury that characterizes savage warfare.

The besieged were attacked at every point, but though there were twenty to one against them, they held out bravely, and when night came on the assailants were compelled to retire, even though they were not defeated.

They had no idea of relinquishing the contest, however, because they knew very well how weak the garrison was; so they merely retreated to a neck of land half a mile away, beached their canoes there, lit their camp fires and, after eating, commenced their horrifying war-dance. •

Young Goodman, who had fought as stubbornly as any man during the day, on seeing the position the savages had taken, formed the daring plan of destroying their fleet,

for he knew well that if this were once gone, the Indians would be impotent for further mischief.

If he should be caught, he knew that he would suffer a horrible death. He resolved to try it, nevertheless ; and, knowing that if he informed any one of his project he would not be allowed to undertake it, he kept it to himself.

Leaving the fort after dark, unobserved by any one, he marched through the dense and gloomy woods. On approaching the Indian encampment, he saw that the warriors were so much interested in their war-dance that they had not even posted sentinels. In fact, so engaged were they in their barbaric ceremony that they forgot to replenish the fires — an omission for which he felt very thankful, as darkness would aid his purpose.

Having waited until near midnight, when he knew the braves must have become tired and sleepy, he undressed himself, and tying his few light garments on his head, he walked quietly into the water, and swam rapidly until he rounded a point which brought him in sight of the camp. There he halted for a few moments to get his bearings, and then drifted slowly with the tide, so as not to attract any attention from a vigilant foe.

When he reached the canoes he crawled noiselessly aboard one of them and, partially dressing himself, set about his task in the coolest and most methodical manner possible. Fortune favored him, as she generally does the brave ; for he found that the tide was unusually high, and that the red men, not having expected this, had drawn

their canoes only far enough ashore to prevent their being swept away by the water at the ordinary level.

After he had cut away half a dozen, without being detected, he saw an Indian approaching, evidently to look after the canoes. But he did not lose courage, and even when the painted savage drew near the very canoe which he had just cut away, he sank so deep in the water that nothing but a portion of his face was visible. The Indian, after glancing at the canoes, returned to his howling, jumping companions.

When the savage had departed, the young hero went to work with a will, nor did he rest till all the ropes were cut. As the tide advanced he followed up the work, and pulled the beached canoes afloat; then, when it turned, he pushed them seaward, so that they might be carried away by the ebb; and in this he was so successful that the Indians were left without a boat, in less than three hours from the time he had entered the water.

When the last of the liberated fleet was about three hundred yards from the shore, he scrambled into the canoe which contained his rifle and, tying another large canoe to it, commenced paddling towards the fort. He had scarcely taken two strokes before a wild and fearful shout was heard on shore, and on looking in that direction he saw by the dim light of the dawn the whole body of warriors on the beach, shouting and gesticulating wildly and pointing towards him.

Their terror-stricken cries nerved him to such daring that he stood up in his canoe and gave a lusty cheer, in



YOUNG GOODMAN AND THE INDIANS

which victory and defiance were equally mingled. This was promptly answered by a shower of arrows and a few musket-shots, but none touched the young hero, who proudly waved his hat.

Seeing only one boy amidst their fleet, a dozen Indians rushed into the water to try and capture some of the canoes; but young Goodman opened such an effective fire on them that the survivors were glad to return, as it seemed certain death to go any farther.

The victor then paddled as rapidly as possible towards the hamlet, leaving the strong tide to take care of the canoes, and bring them in the same direction. When he reached the hamlet and told what he had done, he was cheered by the men, and kissed by the women. When these greetings were over, some of the men jumped into the two canoes, and went out to bring in the fleet. They did not succeed in securing all, but they brought back twenty canoes, each large enough to hold from ten to twenty persons.

The Indians, finding their fleet gone, beat a rapid retreat northwards through the woods, and never appeared again in that section; so that the daring act of this brave boy saved many a person from an ignominious death. His fame soon spread among white and red men, the former paying him all honors, while even the latter could "scarce forbear to cheer."

DUTY

A Story of the Wolf Light

Out in the swirling, dark waters of the North Sea stands Wolf Island. It is a little island, no more than a rock poking its sharp nose up through the leaden billows; but on it ingenious engineers have erected a lighthouse — a beacon to warn the storm-driven mariner that he must stand off from it, or his vessel will be torn to pieces on its rugged sides. A wonderful lighthouse it is, apparently built up out of the very ocean itself, for at high tide not a speck of land can be seen.

Often for weeks it is cut off from all intercourse with the mainland by the boisterous storms that sweep over the German ocean. Then it is that the sailor blesses that revolving, twinkling flame.

On a wild, bleak night in January, a few years ago, David Manners, the keeper, and his wife, Mary, sat before their warm fire in the snug living-room at the base of the lighthouse tower. The wind roared outside, and the great angry waves flung themselves with terrific force against the massive tower, the spray flying high up to the very top window where gleamed the warning beacon. The great yellow shafts of light shot far out into the black night and over the storm-troubled waters.

A belated fishing smack saw them, and the skipper put his helm farther over, and steered his little craft away from the dangerous reef. A tramp steamer, a mile away, saw the light, and knew that it was far out

of its course. "The Wolf Light," muttered her captain, as he directed the two oil-skin clad figures at the wheel to "put her two points over."

Then an express steamer came tearing along with the gale howling behind her, her portholes all aglow with lights like some grand hotel. The officer on the bridge, peering anxiously out into the furious night, saw, with a sigh of satisfaction, the struggling beam of light from the Wolf Rock, and knew that he was on the right course. "Keep her so," he commanded the men at the wheel. Then other vessels came and went, working their way with or against the hurricane, and all blessed the light on the Wolf Rock.

But, suddenly, the light was no more. It had vanished. Every half minute it should flash out for fifteen seconds, then remain dark for fifteen, then shine again; but a minute, two, five minutes went by, and no light shone.

David Manners and his wife, looking out through the brine-covered window of their kitchen, noticed it.

"The light is not revolving!" cried the wife.

"It is not!" he exclaimed.

In a second he was mounting the circular iron stairs of the tower two steps at a bound. Close behind followed his wife. Both realized the terrible responsibility that lay in their hands. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of lives were in their keeping, dependent on that light that had ceased to shine.

In a minute they were both in the lamp room at the very top of the tower. A rapid glance showed them the

trouble. The great light was burning steadily, but it did not revolve, it was stationary. It flooded the apartment with its fierce blaze; but outside the tower all was darkness. No light now bade the sailor keep away, and only the grinding of his ship's keel on the rock-bound reef would be his warning.

David and Mary looked at each other for a moment in blank dismay; only for a moment, though. The next second the keeper had opened the little trap door in the floor, and had dived down among the machinery that revolved the light above. His wife lit a hand lantern, and held it above his head as he worked furiously, endeavoring to start the mechanism again. Suddenly he uttered a loud cry of pain.

"What is it, David?" cried his wife anxiously.

Before the words had left her mouth, she realized the truth. Her husband had been caught in one of the cogwheels. She scrambled down the iron ladder, carrying her lantern with her. David had fainted; one mangled, bleeding hand was still held tight in the grip of the wheels. Frantically she tried to extricate him. It was impossible; the cogwheels held him as in a vice: and all the while the great light above remained motionless, and, for all she knew, some gallant ship was speeding on to its destruction.

"David! David!" she cried, bending over his prostrate form, "what can I do?"

The wounded man slowly opened his eyes, as if the effort were more than he could make. Then he spoke.

"Try — try," he muttered, "to revolve — the — the — light by — by hand." Then he sank back exhausted, with the mangled hand still held in the cruel machinery.

"But I can't leave you here this way; I must release you first, David."

"The light! The light!" cried the man, almost fiercely, as if with his last breath. "It must — show. Get up — turn — turn. It is our — your — duty."

Far out in the dreadful storm sounded the mournful hoot of the siren of some ship — the voice of the sailor asking for directions.

David Manners fixed his eyes appealingly on his wife. "Duty," he muttered hoarsely.

The wife hesitated no longer. A new light sprang into her eyes. She turned hastily, and ran up the little iron ladder. She stood again beneath the great motionless light. With her frail hands she disconnected the lamp from the mechanism below, so that the wheels could not turn; then she seized the brass running-rail and tugged. It was almost more than the weak woman could do, but her husband's word rang in her ears — "*duty*."

It moved. Slowly, very slowly, at first; but soon she became accustomed to the motion, and, watching carefully the second hand of the chronometer that lay on the table by her side, she revolved the gleaming light; turned it true — as it should be turned — turned it as the mechanism had turned it — fifteen seconds' glare — fifteen seconds' darkness.

A great Atlantic liner, standing down for the English

Channel, saw the signal — saw it just in the nick of time. A few minutes more, and it would have been too late; she could not have cleared the reef. There was rapid shifting of the helm, and the danger was passed; but the skipper made a note in his logbook that the light on the Wolf Rock was burning irregularly. Little did he know that only a woman's nerve and delicate hands stood between him and disaster. But a minute's more delay on the part of Mary Manners, and the great ship had been pounding herself to pieces on the cruel rocks.

All that fearful night the lighthouse-keeper's wife stood at the light. Hour after hour she tugged and turned. Often she called down to her imprisoned husband, "David, shall I come now?" Always came the answer, "Not now, Mary; wait till morning." Once she did desert her post, and ran down to his side.

"Let me stop a few minutes now!" she cried. "Let me get some tools and try to release you."

"Not yet," answered the keeper. "My release might cost a hundred lives. I can stand it out; can you, wife?"

"I'll — I'll try," she said, as the tears sprang to her eyes; but the next moment she was back at her post, a frail woman no longer, but a strong heroine.

When the first gleam of light heralded the coming day, it found Mary Manners still at her post. A half-hour later her husband called to her, "Come now, Mary, it is light enough to stop."

Slowly the almost exhausted woman dragged herself down to her husband. Tired nature could stand but

little more. She took some tools from the chest. The wounded man eyed her unsteadily. He, too, was nearly gone.

"Take the — the big wrench. Unscrew — this nut. Try — try hard — Mary."

Once more she roused all her fast failing energies. After making several attempts, she succeeded in adjusting the tool; then she strained at it. In vain — the nut would not move.

"Wrong — way —" muttered David, hoarsely.

She tried again. It moved a little. One more effort. Now she had it loose. Quickly her nimble fingers unscrewed the nut. She lifted the great cogwheel gently, and the lighthouse-keeper was free.

He struggled to his feet. His wife stared stupidly at him, and could make no movement.

"Let us — rest," she said, as she fainted.

Quickly he caught her as she fell, and tenderly carried her down to their little bedroom. His own crushed hand was forgotten for the moment. She soon revived, and insisted on dressing his wound. The storm was subsiding now. The morning had broken cold and gray. They hoisted the distress signal, but it was four days before any help came to them. What agonies the keeper suffered during that time can only be imagined. He was of a reticent nature, and never cared to speak of the affair. If he were, at last, induced to do so, it was always the same thing he said: "'Twas nothing. 'Twas only my duty, and, when *I* couldn't do it, *she* did."

A STORY OF THE CHICAGO TUNNEL

The new tunnel under Lake Michigan was being built to bring pure water into the city of Chicago. The course of the tunnel was from the crib out in the lake to the city waterworks. Work had been begun from the crib end, and was progressing rapidly in spite of many dangers and discouragements.

One morning, as the engineer in charge came down to see how the work went on, the foreman said to him :

"Mr. Chesborough, from now on we're going to need some other way of getting the dirt back to the shaft. It's a long way for the men to take it back in wheelbarrows, and it takes too much time."

"All right, Saunders," Mr. Chesborough said, "the cars are all ready and I'll see that the track is laid right away. We'll have to get a donkey to pull the train, and a boy to drive him. I'll have them here by the time the track is ready."

And that was how Peter and Billy happened to meet in the tunnel. Billy was a small gray donkey and Peter was a boy who had been eager to go down into the new tunnel to watch the workmen. So when he was offered the position of driver he took it. He may have felt rather nervous at first, at being lowered down into the earth and knowing that the whole deep lake was above him. But if Peter was frightened he never told, and he soon got used to the tunnel.

Peter and Billy were good friends from the first. To

be sure, Billy had some provoking habits. He was apt to stop without any reason, and refuse to go on. But Peter soon found ways to manage him and they got on very well. They were together all their working hours and were a great deal of company for each other.

Their duties were to carry the clay that the miners dug to the shaft, where it was taken out; and to take back the bricks and other materials that the brick-layers used. Sometimes, as the trip grew longer, they carried the workmen back and forth.

The tunnel was a gloomy place to work in; it was just a small tube, pushing out like a long finger through the earth, about thirty feet below the bottom of the lake. It was only about five and a half feet high, and about five feet wide. The workmen must have been rather short to work comfortably there. A tall man would have been always bumping his head against the roof. It was because the tunnel was so small that they had to have a donkey to pull the train. A horse would have been much too large.

Besides being small, the tunnel, of course, was dark. The men all had to wear miners' lamps in their caps, and there was a head-light on Billy's train. The air down there was strange and dead, — not like the fresh sweet air on top of the world. Several times, when the miners were at work, the air would grow thick and stifling, so that they had to fight for breath. Their heads felt dizzy and throbbed heavily. At these times the workmen would throw down their tools and dash madly for the

shaft. They would be taken up as fast as possible, the miners telling Peter that they had struck a pocket of gas, and that if they had stayed down there, it might have killed them.

But there was one thing of which they were more afraid than of gas. Every time a man was lowered from the crib down into the tunnel he was apt to think of it and wonder if he could come up again. The miners, as they worked, watched every inch of the new wall they were making, — for this worst danger was water. So far, they had come through stiff blue clay, through which the water could not come, but no one knew when they might strike some different material. If the water once broke through the wall, there was little chance for any one.

It took a good deal of courage in a boy to work as fearlessly as Peter did. As for the donkey, he couldn't help himself, poor fellow. He had rather a worse chance than any of them, for after he was once let down into the tunnel, he couldn't be taken up without a special arrangement. He had his stable and his food down there and, until his work was finished, there he must stay.

One day when the tunnel was about three quarters of a mile long, and Peter and Billy had been working almost two years, they started off to get their load of clay. The train was quite empty and they rattled along at a good pace, the cars bumping along the tracks, making a noise that echoed through the whole length of the tunnel. After a few moments the miners' lights began to shine ahead of them, and they soon pulled up at the

end of the track. While Peter got Billy around the train and hitched him up at the other end, a couple of men came to load the cars.

"Has the tug come in yet, Pete?" one of them asked.

"Not yet. There's a good deal of sea on and it looks squally. Perhaps she won't come out at all. I was up for a minute the last time I went back, and it's getting colder."

"Glad you're safe in the tunnel, are you?" said the other man with a laugh.

"That's what I am. Are you ready?"

They piled the last shovelfuls into the end car and Billy started off. It was another matter, pulling the loaded train, and he plodded along rather slowly. They had gone only a little way when Peter heard a hoarse shout behind him.

Before he could turn his head the man who had asked him about the tug dashed past, his face showing ghastly white in the light of his lamp. In another moment, all the workmen were upon the train, scrambling over the cars, pushing between the train and the wall, hurrying wildly.

It could mean only one of two things. Peter looked at the floor of the tunnel and saw a stream of muddy water. His heart seemed suddenly to stop up his throat. As he looked, the stream grew larger and hurried on ahead of him.

The last of the miners called to Peter to leave the train and run. But what was to become of poor Billy if he

did? Peter didn't think long about what to do. He unhitched Billy from the train and climbed on to his back. But the poor frightened donkey laid back his ears, braced his feet against the bricks and stood stock still. Not one step would he stir.

Peter saw that it was no use trying, — Billy wouldn't move without the train. Peter gave a look toward the men, who were getting far ahead of him, and then, with a queer sinking feeling inside him somewhere, he turned around and began to hitch the donkey again to the heavy train. The water, by this time, was over Peter's ankles. It looked as though he hadn't a very good chance.

But, fortunately for the boy and the donkey, the foreman had run back to see what was the matter. He saw what had happened, and knew that it would be useless to argue with Peter. He uncoupled the first car from the train and jumped on to it.

He was scarcely up before Billy, feeling the car behind him again, started as suddenly as he had stopped. For a moment it looked as if Peter would be left behind, but he jumped for the car, and the foreman's long arm shot out and caught him. The car whirled wildly up the track, as fast as the small donkey could race. His hoofs slipped and clattered on the wet bricks. The car swayed and bounced, the water splashed, and the man and boy held on with all their strength.

In a shorter time than you would have believed, Billy drew up at the shaft. The lift was just coming down for the second load. The foreman jumped from the car and

joined the men around the lift. It was full almost as soon as it touched the ground and no one noticed, till they swarmed out on to the crib, that Peter hadn't come. The foreman started toward the lift, but one of the miners was ahead of him. The men on the crib waited for the signal to raise the lift, but several minutes passed and it did not come.

"Do you suppose the little chap tripped and fell?" asked one, "or can the water have risen enough to —" He didn't finish the sentence. There was a silence, broken finally by the signal. The lift was run rapidly up, but only the man was in it.

"He's down there with that donkey," he told them, "and he won't come up without him. I couldn't make him stir. The water isn't very high yet."

"Here, let me go down," said the foreman, "and don't worry about the signal. I'll be all right. I'll let you know when I want to stop."

Meanwhile Peter and Billy were all alone at the foot of the shaft. Peter had started with the others for the lift, but he had looked back and seen Billy's eyes following him. He couldn't go and leave him. He climbed back into the car, took the lines in one hand, and patted Billy's shaggy back with the other. The donkey turned his head and looked back at Peter, and there was a look in his eyes that made Peter glad that he had stayed.

When the foreman came down he could not persuade Peter to leave his place. He could have picked the boy up and carried him to the lift; but something in Peter's

face, or in Billy's, kept him from doing it. Instead, he sat down on the floor of the lift to watch.

And there they stayed, the man, the boy, and the donkey, shivering, partly with fear, partly with cold, as the water crept up steadily, inch by inch. No one spoke except when Peter talked to Billy. The water was not rising as rapidly as the men had feared it would, but it was oozing up steadily around the car.

"In ten minutes it will be up another foot and then I'll have to get the boy and take him up; the donkey's chances will be gone," the foreman was saying to himself.

The foreman took out his watch to see how long it would take to cover one brick. He waited five minutes. The brick was not yet covered; ten minutes, — the water was no higher than before; fifteen minutes, and still no change. There was a change in the foreman's expression.

"Going pretty slow now, isn't it, Peter?" he said.

Peter had not been watching the brick but he had been watching the spot on the donkey's side.

"I think it's 'most stopped," he said. "Or else the time goes slower."

They waited five minutes more and then the foreman said:

"Pete, I believe you're right. I'm going up to call the boys. But I shouldn't wonder if you've saved the old donkey. He might have killed himself if he had been left alone."

It was not long before the men were all down again

and the foreman and two others waded off through the tunnel to see what had happened and what had better be done. They found that the quicksand they had struck was only a narrow wedge in the clay. As the water rushed through the narrow space, it had brought with it a great block of clay which had lodged in the opening and stopped it up. They pumped the water out, and the trouble was all over.

Billy's stable was rather damp that night and Billy himself was muddy and draggled, — a most mournful and pathetic looking donkey. But the boy who came to give him something to eat did not seem to mind it in the least, for he put his arm around Billy's neck for a moment and patted the donkey's muddy coat and felt quite sure that he was the happiest boy in Chicago, just because they were both alive.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

GEORGE MACDONALD

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
As if crying *Beware*,
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep

On a heap

Of clouds, to sleep

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high

In the sky

With her one ghost-eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain;

Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.

"With my sledge

And my wedge

I have knocked off her edge!

I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,

And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Larger and nearer the shy stars shone;

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;
 On down
 And in town,
 A merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —
When there was that glimmering thread once more !
He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;
 But in vain
 Was the pain
 Of his bursting brain ;
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.
Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.
Said the Wind — “What a marvel of power am I !
 With my breath,
 In good faith,
 I blew her to death ! —
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in : what a strength am I !”
But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair ;
 For, high
 In the sky
 With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Time. — Five hundred years ago.

Place. — London. Then the Barbary coast. Then London.

CHARACTERS

Dick Whittington, afterward Lord Mayor of London

Mr. Fitzwarren

Alice Fitzwarren, afterward Mistress Whittington

Clerks of Mr. Fitzwarren

Cook and other servants of Mr. Fitzwarren

A ship's captain and his sailors

The King and Queen of Barbary and their court

The King of England and his courtiers

Attendants of the Lord Mayor

ACT I

(Dick Whittington, a ragged little boy, is walking along the pavement of a London street.)

Dick (shivering): I am so cold and hungry. No one will give me anything to eat. I can scarcely walk. Well, I will try one more house.

(Goes up the steps of a large house and raps.)

Cook (opening the door): What is it, ragamuffin? No beggars are allowed here. Go away!

Dick: Please give me some food. I ask only a crust. Please, lady!

Cook (crossly): Indeed no! Go away, you little beggar. Do you want me to souse you with my dishwater? Go away, I tell you.

(Shuts the door. Dick sits down on the steps and puts his head in his hands. Mr. Fitzwarren and his daughter Alice walk up and see him.)

Mr. Fitzwarren: Boy, what are you doing on my steps?

Dick: I rang the bell to ask for something to eat.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Why do you not work for your food, boy?

Dick: I try, but no one will hire me. They all say I am too small.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Where are your father and mother?

Dick: They died long ago, sir.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Where do you live?

Dick: Nowhere, sir. I came from the country to get some gold off of the streets of London.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Gold? Gold off the streets. There are no gold streets in London.

Dick: Yes, sir. But in the village where I lived I heard people say there were, and I believed them. I know now that the streets are just like our streets at home.

Alice (to her father): Oh, father, please help the poor boy.

Mr. Fitzwarren: We will see what we can do, Alice.
(*To Dick*) What is your name, boy?

Dick: My name is Dick Whittington, sir.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Well, Dick, I will give you work if you will do your best.

Dick: Oh, sir, I will indeed! I will work all day long and try to learn.

Mr. Fitzwarren (calling): Cook! Cook! Come out here.

Cook (coming out and looking crossly at Dick): Yes, Mr. Fitzwarren.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Cook, this is a new kitchen boy. He is to work for you. Feed him well and treat him kindly.

Cook: But, sir, he is only a beggar boy.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Yes, I know that. We will give him a chance though to earn a living.

Dick: Thank you, Mr. Fitzwarren! Thank you, sir! Thank you!

(Alice smiles at Dick as she and her father go into the house.)

Cook: Come on then, young baggage. If work you must, then work you shall. Inside with you. Hurry!

(Cook pushes Dick inside and follows after.)

ACT II

Mr. Fitzwarren's Counting-Room

(Mr. Fitzwarren and Alice are sitting together. Three clerks are working at a high table. The captain of the *Unicorn*, one of Mr. Fitzwarren's ships, enters.)

Mr. Fitzwarren: Well, captain, is everything ready for your sailing to-morrow?

Captain: Aye, sir. The hold is full.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Then I will call in the servants. They are each to send something for you to sell on your voyage. (*He rings a bell. A serving-man enters.*) Call the servants and tell them to bring aught that they wish to venture in my good ship *Unicorn* which sails to-morrow.

(Serving-man goes out.)

Mr. Fitzwarren (to the clerks): Men, have you something ready?

(Clerks come forward with bundles.)

One Clerk: We have woolen cloth ready, sir, and woolen yarn of many bright colors.

Another Clerk: These carved boxes are to go also.

(Clerks lay down bundles. Servants come in. Each carries something which he lays on the table as he speaks.)

A Man Servant: I send these glass beads.

Another: Here are some sharp and shining knives.

Another: And I venture this scarlet cloth.

Cook: I will send this soap and these candles, made in my own kitchen.

A Maid: Here is a fan.

Another Maid: I will send this brodered cloth.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Is this all? Are there no more servants who wish to make a venture?

Alice (to her father): Where is Dick Whittington?

Mr. Fitzwarren (to a boy): Call Dick Whittington. (*Boy goes out.*) All in this household shall have a chance to profit as I profit.

(The boy returns with Dick, who comes unwillingly.)

Mr. Fitzwarren: Dick Whittington, do you not wish to venture something in my ship *Unicorn* which sails to-morrow?

Dick: Indeed, sir, I have nothing to venture.

Alice: Father, I will put down something for him.

Mr. Fitzwarren: No, Alice. It must be something of his own. Think, boy! What have you to send?

Dick: I have nothing but my cat. I bought her for a penny which was given me, and she keeps the rats and mice away from me at night.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Fetch your cat then, my good boy, and let her go.

(Dick goes for his cat. The servants laugh among themselves. Soon Dick comes back with his cat and gives her to the captain.)

Dick: Here is my cat.

Captain: I will do my best for you, my boy.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Now, Captain, let us go down to the ship together. I would see for myself what you have done with my cargo. (*To the clerks*) Take the cat and these goods to the ship without delay.

(Mr. Fitzwarren and the captain walk out talking together, the clerks following with the goods, and Alice goes slowly after them.)

A Servant (to Dick): Well, young sir, do you expect to make a fortune from your cat?

Cook: Do you think she will sell for enough to buy a stick to beat you with?

(All the servants go away laughing. Dick walks to the window and looks sadly out.)

Dick (to himself): Now I have lost my cat. I shall never see her again. The cook beats me all day and the rats and mice will keep me awake all night. I can't stand it. I will run away. (*Church bells are heard. He listens.*) There are the Bow Bells. What are they saying?

“ Dick Whittington,
Dick Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor
Of London Town.”

What can they mean? There they are again.

"Dick Whittington,
Dick Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor
Of London Town."

Some good fortune may come after all. Mr. Fitzwarren and Mistress Alice are my friends. I will not run away just yet, and if I work hard perhaps Mrs. Cook will not be so cruel.

(He wipes his eyes with his sleeve and leaves the room.)

ACT III

A Palace in Barbary

(The King and Queen of Barbary are seated, surrounded by several attendants. The captain of Mr. Fitzwarren's ship enters. With him are sailors carrying bundles of goods.)

Captain (bowing): Your Majesties, we bring goods to show you.

King: From whence do you come?

Captain: From London, Sire. We wish to trade with you. Here are the best things in our cargo.

(Sailors spread out some cloth and open a carved box.)

Queen: The stuff pleases me. I will have it.

Captain: We have more to show, your Majesties.

King: Let us first eat. (*To a servant*) Bring food.

(Servants bring in trays of food. All sit down to eat. Many large rats run in and begin to drag away the food. There is great excitement. Servants drive the rats away, but not before they have taken most of the food.)

Queen: Now we shall have to wait for more food to be prepared.

Captain: Are not these vermin very unpleasant?

King: Yes, they are indeed. I would give half my riches to be rid of them.

Captain (in a surprised tone): Have you no cat?

Queen: Cat? What is cat?

Captain: A cat! A cat is an animal to catch rats and mice.

Queen: No, we have not that. We have never heard of a cat. Where can we get one?

Captain: I have a fine cat on board my ship. She keeps the whole place free from rats and mice.

King: Bring the creature to me. If she can do as you say I will give you a fortune for her.

Captain (pretending that he does not wish to sell the cat): But, Sire, I need the cat on my ship.

King: Send for her quickly, Captain. You will not be sorry.

Captain (to a sailor): Fetch the cat from our ship's hold.

Sailor (saluting): Aye, aye, sir.

(Sailor goes out.)

Captain: And now, your Majesties, may I show you more of our goods?

King: Spread everything before us.

(Sailors open boxes of knives and bundles of cloth and lace. King and queen examine them.)

King: Your goods please me much.

Queen: And me.

(Sailor returns, with Dick's cat and gives her to the captain, just as the servants bring in more food. Rats run in again and begin to snatch at the food.)

Captain (putting the cat down): Run, Puss! Catch them, Puss!

(Cat springs at the rats and kills a number of them. The rest scamper to their holes and do not come out again. All exclaim with surprise.)

King: This is astonishing! What a wonderful animal!

Queen: I must have her. Poot! Poot! Pretty poot!

King: I will buy all your cargo, captain, if you will sell me the cat. (*To one servant*) Pass the food. (*To another*) Bring gold and jewels.

(The captain eats with the king and queen. Then servants bring in bags of gold and jewels and open them.)

Captain: Your Majesty, for this gold I will sell you the cat, though she is as you say a wonderful animal, and where I shall find another one it is hard to say.

(The sailors take the bags of gold and jewels. They bow before the king and queen and go out.)

King (to his servants): Send to the ship and unload the captain's cargo.

Captain: And now farewell, your Majesties. Take good care of the cat.

King: Yes, yes. Have no fear.

Queen: We will give her the best of care.

King and Queen together: Farewell, captain.

(Captain bows and goes out.)

ACT IV

Some months later. The Counting-Room.

Same clerks as before.

(Mr. Fitzwarren is walking about the room. He appears anxious. Alice runs in.)

Alice: What is the trouble, father?

Mr. Fitzwarren: My ship, the *Unicorn*, is long overdue. I fear that storms have wrecked her.

(A rap is heard. One of the clerks opens the door. The captain enters. With him are sailors carrying heavy bags. He shakes hands heartily with Mr. Fitzwarren.)

Captain: Here I am, sir, safe and sound.

Mr. Fitzwarren: I have been troubled for your safety.

Captain: All is well, sir.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Are the men safe?

Captain: Aye, sir, every man.

Mr. Fitzwarren: And what of your cargo?

Captain: The cargo is sold to the Barbary people at a high profit, and I bring you great treasure. The young man's cat has brought wealth to us all.

Mr. Fitzwarren: The cat? Dick Whittington's cat?

Captain: Aye, sir. We touched on the Barbary coast where rats are many and cats unknown. The cat gave such a good account of herself that we sold her and our whole cargo for a great price.

Mr. Fitzwarren: This is great news.

(Opens the bags of gold and looks at them.)

Wait! Let us call the household before I hear more of this matter.

(He rings a bell. A serving man enters.)

Mr. Fitzwarren (to the man): Call the servants. My ship has returned and everything is sold.

Serving Man: Yes, sir.

(He goes out and almost at once the servants come joyfully in.)

Captain: I do not see Mr. Whittington.

Cook (to Mr. Fitzwarren): He says the nails in his shoes will cut the floor of your counting-room.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Bid him come quickly.

(A man goes for Dick.)

Captain: I have something for all of you, but to Mr. Whittington I bring the greatest good fortune.

(Man comes back with Dick. The captain gives money to the servants, saying to each, "This is yours." He comes to Dick last and gives him many bags of gold and jewels.)

Dick: Oh, sir, what does this mean?

Captain: Your cat has been sold to the King and Queen of Barbary. What think you—they had never seen a cat before!

Servants: Never seen a cat before! Would you believe that!

Captain: Aye, and as soon as we sat down to eat, the food was taken away by rats. When I had Mr. Whittington's cat brought to the palace, and she began to catch rats and mice, the King gave me all this gold for her; and he bought our whole cargo because he was so greatly pleased.

(Servants talk together excitedly.)

Dick: I cannot take so much money. It does not belong to me.

Mr. Fitzwarren: Every penny shall be yours. It is your due. We have all profited through your venture. You shall join me in business to-morrow and have the chance to become a great merchant. Buy some proper clothes for yourself and report to me to-morrow morning.

Dick (bowing low): Thank you, sir, for your great kindness. I cannot believe that I am so fortunate.

(He gives presents of money to the captain, the sailors, the clerks, and all the servants, even the cook. He gives Mistress Alice some beautiful jewels. All go out talking busily. Dick is left alone.)

Dick (to himself): Perhaps now what the Bow Bells said will come true:

“ Dick Whittington,
Dick Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor
Of London Town.”

(He goes out humming these words.)

ACT V

Many years later. A room in King Henry's Palace.

(The King and his Courtiers enter.)

King: With whom do we have audience to-day?

A Courtier: Richard Whittington, the Lord Mayor of London, comes to present to your Majesty a letter from the city. He wishes to congratulate you on your victories under arms.

King: Is there not some odd story about the Lord Mayor?

Another Courtier: Yes, Sire. In his youth he was poor and worked as kitchen boy for Mr. Fitzwarren, a merchant of London. Having ventured a cat in one of his master's sailing vessels, he won so great a price for her that he became rich. He was made Mr. Fitzwarren's partner in business and married his daughter, Mistress Alice. But all this happened many years ago. Ah, here he comes now and Mistress Alice with him.

(Enter the Lord Mayor and his wife, with several attendants.)

Lord Mayor (bowing before King Henry): Your Majesty, we, the people of London, bring you this paper to congratulate you on your victories.

(Gives the King a roll of paper.)

King (as he takes it): We thank the people of London for this courteous act.

(He reads the paper and then passes it to a courtier.)

King (to the Lord Mayor): You have been thrice Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Whittington, and have governed the city right well. The King never had a better subject than the Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Mayor: And the Lord Mayor never had a better king than your Majesty.

King: Kneel before me.

(The Lord Mayor and his wife kneel.)

King (touching the Lord Mayor's shoulder): Rise, Sir Richard Whittington. Rise, Lady Whittington. May you be as faithful servants now that you are knight and lady as you have been before. I can ask nothing better for the realm.

(The new knight and lady rise and bow before the King.)

Lord Mayor: We thank your Majesty.

(They go out with their attendants.)

King: An honest, faithful public servant is the best surety for a ruler. Without many such he must lose heart, and perchance fail of his best. Such a public servant is Sir Richard Whittington, the Lord Mayor of London. May he live long and prosper!

(The King leaves the audience room followed by his courtiers.)

TRAVEL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow; —
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats; —
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar; —
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum; —

Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts; —
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes; —
Where in jungles near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin; —
Where among the desert sands,
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

GEMILA, THE CHILD OF THE DESERT

JANE ANDREWS

I

It is almost sunset; and Abdel Hassan has come out to the door of his tent to enjoy the breeze, which is growing cooler after the day's terrible heat. The round, red sun hangs low over the sand; it will be gone in five minutes more. The tent door is turned away from the sun, and Abdel Hassan sees only the rosy glow of its light on the hills in the distance, which looked so purple all day.

He sits very still, and his earnest eyes are fixed on those distant hills. He does not move or speak when the tent door is again pushed aside, and his two children, Alee and Gemila, come out with their little mats and seat themselves also on the sand. How glad they are of the long, cool shadows, and the tall, feathery palms!

How pleasant it is to hear the camels drink, and to drink themselves at the deep well, when they have carried some fresh water in a cup to their silent father! He only sends up blue circles of smoke from his long pipe as he sits there, cross-legged, on a mat of rich carpet.

These people have been asleep all through the heat of the day. They closed the tent door to keep out the terrible blaze of the sun, stretched themselves on the mats, and slept until just now, when the night wind began to come. Now they can sit outside the tent and enjoy the evening.

The mother brings out dates and little hard cakes of bread, with plenty of butter made from goats' milk. The tall dark servant-woman, with loose blue cotton dress and bare feet, milks a camel, and they all take their supper, or dinner perhaps I had better call it. They have no plates, nor do they sit together to eat.

The father sits by himself. When he has finished, the mother and children take the dates and bread which he leaves. We could teach them better manners, we think; but they could teach us to be hospitable and courteous, and more polite to strangers than we are.

When all is finished, there are no dishes to be washed and put away.

The stars have come out, and from the great arch of the sky they look down on the broad sands, the lonely rocks, the palm trees, and the tents. Oh, they are so bright, so steady, and so silent, in that great lonely place, where no noise is heard! no sounds of people or of birds or animals, excepting the sleepy groaning of a camel, or the low song that little Alee is singing to his sister as they lie upon their backs on the sand, and watch the slow grand movement of the stars that are always journeying towards the west.

Night is very beautiful in the desert; for this is the desert, where Abdel Hassan the Arab lives. His country is that part of our earth where the sands stretch farther than the eye can see, and there are no wide rivers, no thick forests, and no snow-covered hills. The day is too bright and too hot; but the night he loves. It is his friend.

II

He falls asleep at last out under the stars, and, since he has been sleeping so long in the daytime, can well afford to be awake very early in the morning. So, while the stars still shine, and there is only one little yellow line of light in the east, he calls his wife, children, and servants, and in a few minutes all is bustle and preparation.

For to-day they must take down the tent, and move, with all the camels and goats, many miles away. The summer heat has nearly dried up the water of their little spring under the palm trees, and the grass that grew there is also entirely gone; and one cannot live without water to drink, particularly in the desert, nor can the goats and camels live without grass.

In a very few minutes the tent is taken down, the tent poles are tied together, the covering is rolled up with the pegs and strings which fasten it, and it is all ready to put up again whenever they choose to stop. As there is no furniture to carry, the mats and cushions only are to be rolled together and tied; and now Ahmet, the old servant, brings a tall yellow camel.

Ahmet speaks to the camel, and he immediately kneels upon the sand, while the man loads him with the tent poles and covering; after which he gets up, moves on a little way, to make room for another to come up, kneel, and be loaded with mats, cushions, and bags of dates.

Then comes a third; and while he kneels, another servant comes from the spring, bringing a great bag made

of camels' skin, and filled with water. Two of these bags are hung upon the camel, one on each side. This is the water for all these people to drink for four days, while they travel through a sandy, rocky country, where there are no springs or wells.

Here are smaller bags, made of goats' skin and filled with milk ; and when all these things are arranged, which is soon done, they are ready to start, although it is still long before sunrise. The camels have been drinking at the spring, and have left only a little muddy water ; but the goats must have this or none at all.

And now Abdel Hassan springs upon his beautiful black horse, that has such slender legs and swift feet, and places himself at the head of this long troop of men and women, camels and goats. The women are riding upon the camels, and so are the children ; while the servants and camel-drivers walk barefooted over the yellow sand.

III

All this morning they ride, — first in the bright starlight ; but soon the stars become faint and dim in the stronger rosy light that is spreading over the whole sky, and suddenly Gemila sees stretching far before her the long shadow of the camels, and she knows that the sun is up. The shadows stretch out far before them, for the sun is behind. Gemila watches them, and sees too how the white patches of sand flush in the morning light ; and she looks back where the tops of their palm trees,

like great tufted fans, are standing dark against the yellow sky.

She is not sorry to leave that old home. She has had many homes already, young as she is, and will have many more as long as she lives. The whole desert is her home : it is very wide and large, and sometimes she lives in one part, sometimes in another.

As the sun gets higher, it begins to grow very hot. The father arranges the folds of his great white turban, a shawl with many folds, twisted around his head to keep off the oppressive heat. The servants put on their white fringed handkerchiefs, falling over the head and down upon the neck, and held in place by a little cord tied around the head.

The children too cover their heads in the same way, and Gemila no longer looks out to see what is passing. The sun is too bright ; it would make her head ache. She shuts her eyes and falls half asleep, sitting there high upon the camel's back. But if she could look out, there would be nothing to see but what she has seen many and many times before — great plains of sand or pebbles, and sometimes high bare rocks — not a tree to be seen, and far off against the sky the low purple hills.

They move on in the heat, and are all silent. It is almost noon now, and Abdel Hassan stops, leaps from his horse, and strikes his spear into the ground. The camel-drivers stop, the camels stop and kneel, Gemila and Alee and their mother dismount. The servants build up again the tent which they took down in the morning ; and

after drinking water from the leather bags, the family are soon under its shelter, asleep on their mats, while the camels and servants have crept into the shadow of some rocks and lain down in the sand.

The beautiful black horse is in the tent with his master ; he is treated like a child, petted and fed by all the family, caressed and kissed by the children. Here they rest until the heat of the day is past ; but before sunset they have eaten their dates and bread, loaded again the camels, and are moving, with the beautiful black horse and his rider at the head.

They ride until the stars are out, and after, but stop for a few hours' rest in the night, to begin the next day as they began this.

IV

The second day passes like the first. They meet no one, not a single man or woman, and they move steadily on toward the sunset. In the morning they are again up and away under the starlight ; and this day is a happy one for the children, and indeed for all.

The morning star is yet shining, low, large, and bright, when our watchful little girl's dark eyes can see a row of black dots on the sand — so small you might think them nothing but flies ; but Gemila knows better. They only look small because they are far away ; they are really men and camels, and horses too, as she will soon see when they come nearer. A whole troop of them ; as many as a hundred camels, loaded with great packages of



HASSEIN AND ABDEL HASSAN

cloths and shawls for turbans, carpets and rich spices, and beautiful red and green morocco.

All these things belong to the Sheik Hassein. He has been to the great cities to buy them, and now he is carrying them across the desert to sell again. He himself rides at the head of his company on a magnificent brown horse, and his dress is so grand and gay that it shines in the morning light quite splendidly. A great shawl with golden fringes is twisted about his head for a turban, and he wears, instead of a coat, a tunic broadly striped with crimson and yellow, while a loose-flowing scarlet robe falls from his shoulders. He really looks magnificent sitting upon his fine horse, in the morning sunlight.

Abdel Hassan rides forward to meet him, and the children from behind watch with great delight.

Abdel Hassan takes the hand of the sheik, presses it to his lips and forehead, and says, "Peace be with you."

Many grand compliments are offered from one to another, and they are very polite and respectful. Our manners would seem very poor beside theirs. Then follows a long talk and the smoking of pipes, while the servants make coffee and serve it in little cups.

Hassein tells Abdel Hassan of the wells of fresh water which he left but one day's journey behind him, and he tells of the rich cities he has visited. Abdel Hassan gives him dates and salt in exchange for cloth for a turban, and a brown cotton dress for his little daughter.

It is not often that one meets men in the desert, and this day will long be remembered by the children.

The next night before sunset they can see the green feathery tops of the palm trees before them. The palms have no branches, but only great clusters of fern-like leaves at the top of the tree, under which grow the sweet dates.

Near those palm trees will be Gemila's home for a little while, for here they will find grass and a spring. The camels smell the water and begin to trot fast; the goats leap along over the sand, and the barefooted men hasten to keep up with them. In an hour more the tent is pitched under the palm trees, and all have refreshed themselves with the cool clear water.

And now I must tell you that the camels have had nothing to drink since they left the old home. The camel has a deep bag below his throat, which he fills with water enough to last four or five days; so he can travel in the desert as long as that, and sometimes longer, without drinking again. Yet I believe the camels are as glad as the children to come to the fresh spring.

Gemila thinks so at night, as she stands under the starlight, patting her good camel Simel, and kissing his great lips.

The black goats, with long silky ears, are already cropping the grass. The father sits again at the tent door and smokes his long pipe; the children bury their bare feet in the sand, and heap it into little mounds, while the mother is bringing out the dates and the bread and butter. It is an easy thing for them to move: they are already at home again.

ON THE DESERT

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

All around,
To the bound
Of the vast horizon's round,
All sand, sand, sand —
All burning, glaring sand —
On my camel's hump I ride,
As he sways from side to side,
With an awkward step of pride,
And his scraggy head uplifted, and his eye so long and bland.

Naught is near,
In the blear
And simmering atmosphere,
But the shadow on the sand,
The shadow of the camel on the sand;
All alone, as I ride
O'er the desert's ocean wide,
It is ever at my side;
It haunts me, it pursues me, if I flee, or if I stand.

Not a sound,
All around,
Save the padded beat and bound
Of the camel on the sand,
Of the feet of the camel on the sand.
Not a bird is in the air,
Though the sun, with burning stare,
Is prying everywhere,
O'er the yellow, thirsty desert, so desolately grand.

A CHINESE SCHOOL

Imagine young John Chinaman starting off to school for the first time. He wears a long coat down to his ankles and a round cap called a "basin hat," because of its shape. Below this his glossy black hair is plaited in a queue, which is lengthened with red cord till it reaches his heels.

His father takes him to the master and tells him what a stupid boy his son is. You might think the master would find that out soon enough, but John knows his father is only being polite — to the master, not to him.

He gets a school name, such as "Son of Learning," or "Heaven's Wisdom," and usually drops the name by which he has been called at home. He may be glad to do so if it has been "Black Snake," "Tiger Mane," "Number Two," "Puppy Dog," "Girl," or such-like.

John must bow low, knocking his head on the ground before a tablet in the schoolroom, on which the name of Confucius is written. Turning around, he sees the other pupils, boys of all ages, sitting with their books before them, each shouting out his own lesson.

The room is small and rather dark, and the noise is tremendous, so that if you came in with John you perhaps have a headache already. That fat boy in the corner might be cheering at a football match by the uproar he is making. You are amazed that the master has not shouted "Silence," and almost wish he would cane some of the noisiest. As a matter of fact, he is

quite pleased that John's father should see what fine busy scholars he has, and would be very angry if they were quiet.

He gives the new pupil a little reader, called "The Three-Character Classic," because each line has three words only, and, pointing to the characters, tells him their names. You do not understand, and neither does John; but he repeats the sounds as he is told, and goes to his seat and shouts them till he thinks he knows them. Then he takes the book to his master, and, turning his back to him, that he may not be supposed to be looking over, he repeats the passage, swaying to and fro as he says it.

If it is said correctly, he will be set a few more lines; but it is only after the whole book is learnt by rote that any explanation is given. If it is not said correctly, the master will cane him, for he believes that nothing but a sound beating will give him a memory. In some parts of China a boy has to learn by heart for two years without understanding anything, for the book words in those places are a different language altogether from spoken Chinese.

— From *Peeps at Many Lands*.

THE PETERKINS

I. *Who the Peterkins Were*

There once lived a family by the name of Peterkin. It was quite a large family. There were Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin; Elizabeth Eliza their daughter; Agamemnon, a big boy who had been to college; Solomon John, another big boy; and three little boys besides.

The Peterkins were all the time getting into trouble, as you will soon see. Whenever anything out of the way happened, they never seemed to be able to think what to do next. They would only say, "What shall we do? What can we do?" and of course nobody knew. Or if they did do anything, it was always the wrong thing instead of the right one.

For instance, when a Christmas tree came home that was too high, instead of cutting it off, they made a hole in the ceiling and built a little box to hold it. To be sure this spoiled Elizabeth Eliza's room, but how could the Peterkins help that?

Another time there was a blizzard in the night, and the snow was packed so closely against the front door that Mrs. Peterkin could not open it in the morning. She had only a little food in the house, just enough for breakfast; so she waked the family up at half past five, saying that as there was only food in the house for one meal, they had better get up at once and eat it.

After breakfast they took a pickax and began to cut

a hole in the wall on the lee side of the house where there were no drifts — when suddenly a pounding was heard on the *back door* which Mrs. Peterkin had not examined at all. There were the milkman and the butcher, who had plowed through the snow easily enough. And most surprising of all, the back door had not been stuck any of the time, and opened at once as it always had!

But at last a very lucky thing happened. A visitor came to stay with some neighbors who lived in a house across the street. She was the Lady from Philadelphia.

After this lady came, whenever the Peterkins got into trouble, all they had to do was to send Elizabeth Eliza or some of the other children over to get advice from her. She could always tell them the right thing to do, and help them out of every difficulty.

Just to show you how helpful this lady was to the Peterkins, I will tell you what happened when Elizabeth Eliza's new piano came home. By mistake the men who brought it turned it the wrong way around, so that the keys were against the wall. And the Peterkins could think of nothing better to do than to open the window and put the piano stool out on the porch. Then Elizabeth Eliza could go outdoors and practice, while the family sat around in the porch chairs and listened.

This was all very well during the summer, but when colder weather came it did not do at all. Poor Elizabeth Eliza had about decided that she could practice no more until spring, when one day a happy idea came to her. She would ask the Lady from Philadelphia for advice. She

went over and stated her trouble, and this is what the Lady said,

“Why don’t you turn the piano around?”

So after that of course they did.

II. *An Afternoon Ride*

(Why the Horse Refused to Start)

One morning Mrs. Peterkin was feeling very tired, as she had been having a great many things to think of, and she said to Mr. Peterkin, “I believe I shall take a ride this morning!”

And the little boys cried out, “Oh, may we go too?”

Mrs. Peterkin said that Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys might go.

So Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carryall, and he and Agamemnon went off to their business, and Solomon John to school; and Mrs. Peterkin began to get ready for her ride.

She had some currants she wanted to carry to old Mrs. Twomly, and some gooseberries for somebody else, and Elizabeth Eliza wanted to pick some flowers to take to the minister’s wife; so it took them a long time to prepare.

The little boys went out to pick the currants and the gooseberries, and Elizabeth Eliza went out for her flowers, and Mrs. Peterkin put on her cape-bonnet, and in time they were all ready. The little boys were in their india-rubber boots, and they got into the carriage.

Elizabeth Eliza was to drive; so she sat on the front seat, and took up the reins, and the horse started off

merrily, and then suddenly stopped, and would not go any farther.

Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and pulled them, and then she clucked to the horse ; and Mrs. Peterkin clucked ; and the little boys whistled and shouted ; but still the horse would not go.

"We shall have to whip him," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Now Mrs. Peterkin never liked to use the whip ; but as the horse would not go, she said she would get out and turn her head the other way, while Elizabeth Eliza whipped the horse ; and when he began to go she would hurry and get in.

They tried this, but the horse would not stir.

"Perhaps we have too heavy a load," said Mrs. Peterkin, as she got in.

So they took out the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers, but still the horse would not go.

One of the neighbors, from the opposite house, looking out just then, called out to them to try the whip. There was a high wind, and they could not hear exactly what she said.

"I have tried the whip," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"She says 'whips,' such as you eat," said one of the little boys.

"We might make those," said Mrs. Peterkin, thoughtfully.

"We have got plenty of cream," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Yes, let us have some whips," cried the little boys, getting out.



MRS. PETERKIN'S AFTERNOON RIDE

And the opposite neighbor cried out something about whips; and the wind was very high.

So they went into the kitchen, and whipped up the cream, and made some very delicious whips; and the little boys tasted all round, and they all thought they were very nice.

They carried one out to the horse, who swallowed it down very quickly.

"That is just what he wanted," said Mrs. Peterkin; "now he will certainly go!"

So they all got into the carriage again, and put in the currants, and the gooseberries, and the flowers, and Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and they all clucked; but still the horse would not go!

"We must either give up our ride," said Mrs. Peterkin, mournfully, "or else send over to the Lady from Philadelphia, and see what she will say."

The little boys jumped out as quickly as they could; they were eager to go and ask the Lady from Philadelphia. Elizabeth Eliza went with them, while her mother took the reins.

They found that the Lady from Philadelphia was very ill that day, and was in bed. But when she was told what the trouble was, she very kindly said they might draw up the curtain from the window at the foot of the bed, and open the blinds, and she would see. Then she asked for her opera glass, and looked through it, across the way, up the street to Mrs. Peterkin's door.

After she had looked through the glass she laid it

down, leaned her head back against the pillow, for she was very tired, and then said, "Why don't you unchain the horse from the horse-post?"

Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys looked at one another, and then hurried back to the house and told their mother. The horse was untied, and they all went to ride.

—LUCRETIA HALE.

III. *The Lady Who Put Salt in Her Coffee*

This was Mrs. Peterkin. It was a mistake. She had poured out a delicious cup of coffee, and, just as she was helping herself to cream, she found that she had put in salt instead of sugar! It tasted bad. What should she do? Of course she couldn't drink the coffee; so she called in the family, for she was sitting at a late breakfast all alone. The family came in; they all tasted, and looked, and wondered what should be done, and all sat down to think.

At last Agamemnon, who had been to college, said, "Why don't we go over and ask the advice of the chemist?" (For the chemist lived over the way, and was a very wise man.)

Mrs. Peterkin said, "Yes," and Mr. Peterkin said, "Very well," and all the children said that they would go too. So the little boys put on their india-rubber boots, and over they went.

The chemist listened to the story of how Mrs. Peterkin had put salt in her coffee. At first he said he couldn't do anything about it; but when Agamemnon said they

would pay in gold if he would only go, he packed up his bottles in a leather case, and went back with them all.

First he looked at the coffee, and then stirred it. Then he put in a little chlorate of potassium, and the family tried it all round; but it tasted no better. Then he stirred in a little bichlorate of magnesia. But Mrs. Peterkin didn't like that. Then he added some tartaric acid and some hyposulphate of lime. But no; it was no better. "I have it!" exclaimed the chemist, — "a little ammonia is just the thing!" No, it wasn't the thing at all.

Then he tried each of his drugs in turn. Mrs. Peterkin tasted each, and said that the flavor was pleasant, but not precisely that of coffee and still she was not satisfied.

The chemist said that all he had done ought to have taken out the salt. The theory remained the same, although the experiment had failed. Perhaps a little starch would have some effect. If not, that was all the time he could give. He should like to be paid and go. They were all much obliged to him, and willingly gave him the gold.

But there was the coffee. All sat and thought awhile, till Elizabeth Eliza said, "Why don't we go to the herb-woman?"

Now, the herb-woman was an old woman who came round to sell herbs, and knew a great deal. They all shouted with joy at the idea of asking her, and Solomon John and the younger children agreed to go and find her

too. The herb-woman lived down at the very end of the street ; so the boys put on their india-rubber boots again, and they set off. It was a long walk through the village, but they came at last to the herb-woman's house, at the foot of a high hill.

They went through her little garden. Here she had marigolds and hollyhocks, and tall sunflowers, and many sweet-smelling herbs. They went into a small parlor, which smelt very spicy. All around hung little bags full of catnip, and peppermint, and all kinds of herbs ; and dried stalks hung from the ceiling ; and on the shelves were jars of rhubarb, senna, manna, and the like.

But there was no little old woman. She had gone up into the woods to get some more wild herbs, so they all thought they would follow her, — Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and the little boys. They had to climb up over high rocks, and in among huckleberry-bushes and blackberry-vines. But the little boys had their india-rubber boots.

At last they discovered the little old woman. They knew her by her hat. It was steeple-crowned, without any vane. They saw her digging with her trowel round a sassafras bush. They told her their story, — how their mother had put salt in her coffee, and how the chemist had made it worse instead of better, and how their mother couldn't drink it, and wouldn't she come and see what she could do ? And she said that she would, and took up her little old apron, with pockets all round, all filled with everlasting and pennyroyal, and went back to her house.

There she stopped, and stuffed her huge pockets with some of all the kinds of herbs. She took some tansy and peppermint, and caraway-seed and dill, spearmint and cloves, pennyroyal and sweet marjoram, basil and rosemary, wild thyme and some of the other time, — such as you have in clocks, — sappermint and oppermint, catnip, valerian, and hops; indeed, there isn't a kind of herb you can think of that the little old woman didn't have done up in her little paper bags, which had all been dried in her little Dutch-oven. She packed these all up, and then went back with the children, taking her stick.

Meanwhile Mrs. Peterkin was getting quite impatient for her coffee.

As soon as the little old woman came she had it set over the fire, and began to stir in the different herbs. First she put in a little hops for the bitter. Mrs. Peterkin said it tasted like hop-tea, and not at all like coffee. Then she tried a little flagroot and snakeroot, then some spruce gum, and some caraway and some dill, some rue and rosemary, some sweet marjoram and sour, some oppermint and sappermint, a little spearmint and peppermint, some wild thyme, and some of the other tame time, some tansy and basil, and catnip and valerian, and sassafras, ginger, and pennyroyal. The children tasted after each mixture, but made up dreadful faces. Mrs. Peterkin tasted, and did the same. The more the old woman stirred, and the more she put in, the worse it all seemed to taste.

So the old woman shook her head, and muttered a few

words, and said that she must go. She believed the coffee was bewitched. She bundled up her packets of herbs, and took her trowel, and her basket, and her stick, and went back to her root of sassafras, that she had left half in the air and half out. And all she would take for pay was five cents in currency.

Then the family were in despair, and all sat and thought a great while. It was growing late in the day, and Mrs. Peterkin hadn't had her cup of coffee. At last Elizabeth Eliza said, "Suppose we go and ask the Lady from Philadelphia what is best to be done." To this they all agreed; it was a great thought, and off Elizabeth Eliza and the others went.

She told the Lady from Philadelphia the whole story, — how her mother had put salt in the coffee; how the chemist had been called in; how he tried everything but could make it no better; and how they went for the little old herb-woman, and how she had tried in vain, for her mother couldn't drink the coffee. The Lady from Philadelphia listened very attentively, and then said, "Why doesn't your mother make a fresh cup of coffee?"

Elizabeth Eliza started with surprise. Solomon John shouted with joy; so did Agamemnon, so did the little boys, who had followed on.

"Why didn't we think of that?" said Elizabeth Eliza; and they all went back to their mother, and she had her cup of coffee.

—LUCRETIA HALE.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Which is the Wind that brings the cold?

The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?

The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?

The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
The cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?

The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

THE FLOWER SCHOOL

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

When storm clouds rumble in the sky and June showers
come down,

The moist east wind comes marching over the heath
to blow its bagpipes among the bamboos.

Then crowds of flowers come out of a sudden, from

nobody knows where, and dance upon the grass in wild glee.

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground.

They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they want to come out to play before it is time, their master makes them stand in a corner.

When the rains come down they have their holidays.

Branches clash together in the forest, and the leaves rustle in the wild wind, the thunder clouds clap their giant hands and the flower children rush out in dresses of pink and yellow and white.

Do you know, mother, their home is in the sky, where the stars are?

Haven't you seen how eager they are to get there? Don't you know why they are in such a hurry?

Of course, I can guess to whom they raise their arms: they have their mother as I have my own.

THE FLAX

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

The Flax stood in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, dainty as the wings of a moth and even more soft. The sun shone on the Flax, and the rain clouds dropped water on it and it grew prettier every day.

"Folks say that I stand uncommonly well," said the Flax, "and that I am so fine and long, they will make a

capital piece of linen out of me. How happy I am! I'm certainly the happiest of beings. How well off I am! And I may come to something! How the sunshine gladdens! And the rain tastes good and refreshes me! I'm wonderfully happy; I'm the happiest of beings."

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Fence-post. "You don't know the world; but we do, for we have knots in us." And then it creaked out mournfully, —

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellure!
The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax. "The rain does me good; the sun will shine to-morrow. I can feel how I'm growing! I feel that I have flowers! I'm the happiest of beings."

But one day the people came and took the Flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt; and it was laid in water, as if it were to be drowned; and then it was put on the fire, as if it were going to be roasted. That was fearful.

"One cannot always have good times," said the Flax. "One must try something, if he is to get to know something."

But bad times certainly came. The Flax was wet, and roasted, and broken, and hackled, — yes, that was what they called it. It was put on the spinning-wheel — whirr! whirr! whirr! — it was not possible to collect one's thoughts.

"I have been uncommonly happy," it thought in all its pain. "One must be glad with the good one has enjoyed. Glad! glad! Oh!" And it continued to say that when it was put into the loom, and till it became a large, beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"But this is truly wonderful! I never should have believed it! What good luck I have! The Fence-post knows all about it, truly, with its —

‘ Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellure!’

The song is not done by any means. It is only just begun. It is wonderful. If I've suffered something, I've been made into something! I'm the happiest of all! How strong and fine I am, how white and long! That is something more than being only a stalk, even if one bears flowers. One is not taken care of, and gets water only when it rains. Now I am waited on. The maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering-pot every evening. Everyone says I'm the best piece of linen in the whole town. I cannot possibly be happier!"

Now the Linen was taken into the house, and put under the scissors. How they cut and tore it, and then pricked it with needles, before they made anything of it! That was not pleasant; but it was made into twelve napkins.

"Just look! Now something has really been made

of me! So; that was my fate. Well, that is a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that's right, and that's a true pleasure! We've been made into twelve things; but yet we are all one and the same; we're just a dozen — how charming that is!"

Years rolled on, and then they could hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece. "I would gladly have held together a little longer, but one must not ask for what cannot be."

And so they were torn into pieces and fragments. They thought it was all over now, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened, and boiled. They did not know what it all was. And then they became beautiful white paper.

"Now, that is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!" said the Paper. "Now I'm finer than before, and I shall be written on — what can they not write on me! This is the best luck of all."

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it. And the people heard what was upon it. It was so true and good that it made people truer and better; there was a great blessing in the words that were on this Paper.

"That is more than I ever dreamed of when I was a little blue flower in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever spread joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it myself, but it really

is so. I have done nothing at all but what I had to do after my poor fashion, to keep alive. And yet I have been carried from one joy and honor to another. Each time when I think 'The song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall set out on my journey. I shall be sent through the world, so that all people may read me. That is most likely. Once I had blue flowers; now I have for every flower a charming thought. I'm the happiest of beings."

But the Paper was not sent on its travels, — it was sent to the printer; and everything that was written upon it was set up in type for a book — yes, for many hundreds of books; for in this way a far greater number could get gain and gladness than if the one paper on which it was written had run about the world, to be worn out before it had got halfway.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Writing-paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honor, just like an old grandfather. It is I that am written on; the words flowed into me from the pen; the books come from me. Now something can really come of all this. I am the happiest of all."

Then the Paper was tied together in a bundle, and laid on the shelf.

"It is good to rest after work," said the Paper. "It is very well to collect one's thoughts, and to come to some notion of what is in one. Now I'm able for the first time to think of what is in me; and to know one's

self, that is true progress. I wonder what will be done with me now? Something will happen to carry me further; I'm always going further."

Now, one day all the Paper was taken out and laid on the hearth. It was to be burned; and all the children in the house stood round about; for they wanted to see the Paper blaze up, and afterwards to see the red sparks among the ashes, which would run away and go out, one after the other, in such haste — they were children coming out of school, and the last spark of all was the schoolmaster. After they thought he had gone, then he would come along after all the others.

All the old Paper lay in a bundle upon the fire. Whew! how it flew up in a flame. "Whew!" it said; and, in a twinkling, it was all on fire. The flame went up into the air so high, higher than the Flax had ever been able to lift its little blue flowers, and gleamed as the white Linen had never been able to gleam. All the written letters turned for a moment quite red, and all the words and thoughts turned to flame.

"Now I'm mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flame; and it was as if a thousand voices said this in one voice; and the flames mounted up through the chimney and out at the top; and more delicate than the flames, quite unseen by human eyes, little tiny beings floated there, as many as there had been blossoms on the flax. They were lighter even than the flame from which they were born; and when the flame was out, and nothing remained of the Paper but black

ashes, they danced over it once more ; and where they moved, they left footprints — these were the little red sparks. The children came out of school, and the schoolmaster was the last of all. That was fun ! and the children stood and sang over the dead ashes, —

“ Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellure !
The song is done.”

But the unseen beings each said, —
“The song is never done, that is best of all. I know it, and therefore I am the happiest of all.”

A RIDDLE

GEORGE MACDONALD

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes ;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I've a good many arms, if you count them all,
And hundreds of fingers, large and small ;
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows ;
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes ;
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist
Although I am always very tight laced ;
None e'er saw me eat — I've no mouth to bite !
Yet I eat all day and digest all night.
In summer, with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

PLANTING A TREE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Who does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved by me,
But he, I venture the suggestion,
Does part of his that plants a tree.

Hither the busy birds shall flutter
With the light timber for their nests,
And pausing from their labor utter
The morning sunshine in their breasts.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

HENRY ABBEY

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee —
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

HOW LEIF ERICSSON DISCOVERED VINELAND

JENNIE HALL

Many years ago, about the year 1000, Leif Ericsson lived in Greenland with his father Eric the Red, who was a Norseman. One spring Leif said to his father:

"I have never seen Norway, our mother land. I long to go there and meet the great men and see the places that skalds sing about."

Eric answered, "It is right that you should go. No man has really lived until he has seen Norway."

So he helped Leif fit out a boat and sent him off. Leif sailed for many months. He passed Iceland and the Faroes and the Shetlands. He stopped at all of these places and feasted his mind on the new things. And everywhere men received him gladly; for he was handsome and wise. But at last he came near Norway. Then he stood up before the pilot's seat and sang loudly:

"My eyes can see her at last,
The mother of mighty men,

The field of famous fights.
In the sky above I see
Fair Asgard's shining roofs,
The flying hair of Thor,
The wings of Odin's birds,
The road that heroes tread.
I am here in the land of the gods,
The land of mighty men."

For a while he walked the land as though he were in a dream. He looked at this and that and everything and loved them all because it was Norway.

"I will go to the king," he said.

He had never seen a king. There were no kings in Iceland or Greenland. So he went to the city, where the king had a fine house. The king's name was Olaf.

Now the king was going to hold a feast at night, and Leif put on his most beautiful clothes to go to it. He put on long tights of blue wool and a short jacket of blue velvet. He belted his jacket with a gold girdle. He had shoes of scarlet with golden clasps. He threw around himself a cape of scarlet velvet lined with seal fur. His long sword stuck out from his cloak. On his head he put a knitted cap of bright colors.

Then he walked to the king's feast hall and went through the door. It was a great hall, and it was full of richly dressed men. The fires shone on so many golden head-bands and bracelets and so many glittering swords and spears on the wall, and there was so much noise of talking and laughing, that at first Leif did not

know what to do. But at last he went and sat on the very end seat of the bench near him.

As the feast went on, King Olaf sat in his high seat and looked about the hall and noticed this one and that one and spoke across the fire to many. He was keen-eyed and soon saw Leif in his far-away seat.

"Yonder is some man of mark," he said to himself. "He is surely worth knowing. His face is not the face of a fool. He carries his head like a lord of men."

He sent a thrall and asked Leif to come to him. So Leif walked down the long hall and stood before the king.

"I am glad to have you for a guest," the king said. "What is your name and what is your country?"

"I am Leif Ericsson, and I have come all the way from Greenland to see you and old Norway."

"From Greenland!" said the king. "It is not often that I see a Greenlander. Many come to Norway to trade, but they seldom come to the king's hall. I shall be glad to hear about your land. Come up and speak with me."

So Leif went up the steps of the high seat and sat down by the king and talked with him. When the feast was over the king said:

"You shall live at my court this winter, Leif Ericsson. You are a welcome guest."

So Leif stayed there that winter. When he started back in the spring, the king gave him two thralls as a parting gift.

"Let this gift show my love, Leif Ericsson," he said.
"For your sake I shall not forget Greenland."

Leif sailed back again and had good luck until he was past Iceland. Then great winds came out of the north and tossed his ship about so that the men could do nothing. They were blown south for days and days. They did not know where they were. Then they saw land, and Leif said:

"Surely luck has brought us to a new country. We will go in and see what kind of a place it is."

So he steered for it. As they came near the men said:

"See the great trees and the soft green shore. Surely this is a better country than Greenland or than Iceland either."

When they landed they threw themselves upon the ground.

"I never lay on a bed so soft as this grass," one said.

"Taller trees do not grow in Norway," said another.

"There is no stone here as in Norway, but only good black dirt," Leif said. "I never saw so fertile a land before."

The men were hungry and set about building a fire.

"There is no lack of fuel here," they said.

They stayed many days in this country and walked about to see what was there. A German, named Tyrker, was with Leif. He was a little man with a high forehead and a short nose. His eyes were big and rolling. He had lived with Eric for many years, and had taken care of Leif when he was a little boy. So Leif loved him.

Now one day they had been wandering about, and all came back to camp at night except Tyrker. When Leif looked around on his comrades, he said: "Where is Tyrker?"

No one knew. Then Leif was angry.

"Is a man of so little value in this empty land that you would lose one?" he said. "Why did you not keep together? Did you not see that he was gone? Why did you not set out to look for him? Who knows what terrible thing may have happened to him in these great forests?"

Then he turned and started out to hunt for him. His men followed, silent and ashamed. They had not gone far when they saw Tyrker running toward them. He was laughing and talking to himself. Leif ran to him and put his arms about him with gladness at seeing him.

"Why are you so late?" he asked. "Where have you been?"

But Tyrker, still smiling and nodding his head, answered in German. He pointed to the woods and laughed and rolled his eyes. Again Leif asked his question and put his hand on Tyrker's shoulder as though he would shake him. Then Tyrker answered in the language of Iceland:

"I have not been so very far, but I have found something wonderful."

"What is it?" cried the men.

"I have found grapes growing wild," answered Tyrker, and he laughed, and his eyes shone.

"It cannot be," Leif said.

Grapes do not grow in Greenland nor in Iceland nor even in Norway. So it seemed a wonderful thing to these Norsemen.

"Can I not tell grapes when I see them?" cried Tyrker. "Did I not grow up in Germany, where every hillside is covered with grapevines? Ah! it seems like my old home."

"It is wonderful," Leif said. "I have heard travelers tell of seeing grapes growing, but I myself never saw it. You shall take us to them early in the morning, Tyrker."

So in the morning they went back into the woods and saw the grapes and ate of them.

"They are like food and drink," they cried.

That day Leif said, "We spent most of the summer on the ocean. Winter will soon be coming on, and the sea about Greenland will be frozen. We must start back. I mean to take some of the things of this land to show to our people at home. We will fill the rowboat with grapes and tow it behind us. The ship we will load with logs from these great trees. That will be a welcome shipload in Greenland, where we have neither trees nor vines. Now half of you shall gather grapes for the next few days, and the other half shall cut timber."

So they did, and after a week sailed off. The ship was full of lumber, and they towed the rowboat loaded with grapes. As they looked back at the shore, Leif said:

"I will call this country Vineland, for the grapes that grow there."

Then all the men waved their hands to the shore and gave a great shout for that good land.

For all that voyage they had fair weather, and sailed into Eric's harbor before the winter came. Eric saw the ship and ran down to the shore. He took Leif into his arms and said :

"Oh, my son, my old eyes ached to see you. I hunger to hear of all that you have seen and done."

"Luck has followed me all the way," said Leif. "See what I have brought home."

The Greenlanders looked.

"Lumber! Lumber!" they cried. "Oh! it is better stuff than gold."

Then they saw the grapes and tasted them.

"Surely you must have plundered Asgard," they said, smacking their lips.

At the feast that night Eric said, "Leif shall sit in the place of honor."

So Leif sat in the high seat opposite Eric. All men thought him a handsome and wise man. He told them of the storm and of Vineland.

"No man would ever need a cloak there. The soil is richer than the soil of Norway. Grain grows wild, and you yourselves saw the grapes that we got from there. The forests are without end. The sea is full of fish."

After the feast was over, Leif settled down in Greenland, and became a great man there. He was so busy and became so rich that he did not think of going to Vineland again.

But people did not forget his adventure, and after a time some wise men wrote down the story of his voyage and people read the story and liked it, though no one remembered where the place was. It all seemed like a fairy tale.

Long afterward, however, men began to read the story with wide-open eyes and to wonder. They guessed and talked together, and studied this and that land, and read the story over and over. At last they have decided that Vineland was in America, on the eastern shore of the United States, and they have honored Leif Ericsson by putting up statues of him, as the first comer to America.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.

And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap :
"I earn my bread," quoth he ;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me !"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell ! and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown ;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee !
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee !"



OLD PIPES¹

FRANK R. STOCKTON

I

For many, many years, Old Pipes had been hired by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, and would come down to the village — the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his instrument; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his

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breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more.

Twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before, but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

Old Pipes' mother was, of course, a great deal older than he. She was also as deaf as a gate, and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain-side. She was very fond of Old Pipes and proud of his piping. She cooked for him, made his bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived on his little salary.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, he went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night,

and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl; and one boy took him by the right hand, and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of other signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject. He did not notice her, and answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had gone far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth; but the boy went on.



"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes. From that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now and will go home. Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl

scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother, shouting very loudly to make her hear, how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had learned about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain, if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hillside, and Old Pipes could see his way very well.

When he had gone about halfway, the old man sat

down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said :

“Let me out ! let me out !”

Old Pipes forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet.

“This must be a Dryad-tree !” he exclaimed. “If it is, I’ll let her out.”

Old Pipes had never seen a Dryad-tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it.

“If I see that key,” said he, “I shall surely turn it.”

Before long he saw a piece of bark standing out from the tree. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the



scene before her, — the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain-side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon.

"Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this! How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!"

She threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree! I don't mind it in the winter, but in the summer it is a sorry thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time they either don't hear me, or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out, and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "I will go anywhere for you, my kind old man."

"Well then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take

this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the work which he does not do. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good-night and turned toward his cottage.

"Good-night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home.

"This path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk up very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come all the way from the village again," he thought as he walked along.

Supper was ready when he reached home. After supper he went out and sat on a chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he fell fast asleep.

II

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard.

"This is a good and honest old man," she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose his money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long.

Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him."

She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after a while she went up to the cottage. Finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket, and went away.

The next day, Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads, but there was one thing which he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger. The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be. If they should be kissed by one of these tree-fairies, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods, and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. She brought him up more carefully than she had done before; and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now, Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as strong and active as when he was a man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his wages. He would only tire himself out, and get sick.

But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work. In the afternoon, Old Pipes put his hand in his coat pocket, and there he found the little bag of money.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all. Then I came home thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket, all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends; and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" asked his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will harm no one."

When the good man began to play he was astonished

at the sound. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening. So they started down the mountain-side, the others following. The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished.

"Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they asked each other.

But, as they were all very busy, no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and they had an extra hour for play, of which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad.

"Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad. "If you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes!" cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad. It is the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-by, kind, honest man. May you live long and be as happy as I am now!"

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man. He kept on his way to the village; and when he reached it he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before. When the people heard that it was himself, they were very much surprised. Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty handshakes.

III

Now, there was one person who was not pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf, who lived on the hills and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes.

There were a great many other Echo-dwarfs on the hills. Some of them echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village.

But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole

duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do. He slept so much and grew so fat that it made his friends laugh to see him walk.

On this afternoon the dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes. He was very indignant and said he hoped that this pipe-playing would not happen again.

The next afternoon he was awake and listening. Along came the notes of the pipes as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played.

The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He made up his mind to go and find out all about it. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day. He set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had gone some distance into the woods he stopped to rest. In a few minutes, the Dryad came along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf. "What are you doing here? And how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy. That's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with anger. "Am I to believe that you are the cause of this evil? That you are the wicked creature who has started this old man to pipe-playing again? I will make you suffer for this!" he shouted, as he shook his fat little fist at her. Then he hurried back to the hillside.

Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day he searched the woods for her. He thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well. One day he met Old Pipes, who stopped and asked him if he had seen the Dryad.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf; "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose music he had to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot had he been able.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was. I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes. "But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger except the one who lets her out of her tree. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and ask her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you can go and bring your mother to the tree. She will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go and search for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders."

"Now, then," said the little fellow to himself, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree — and she is quite foolish enough to do it — and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again."

Before long they saw the Dryad coming toward them. "Put me down, and I will go," said the dwarf.

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He hid between some low mossy rocks.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes told her about his mother, and what he wished her to do.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way."

I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad cannot enter a house. I cannot imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad, "now I see through it all. It is the plan of that fat little Echo-dwarf, — your



enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes saw the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him and, running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now then!" cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak; "just stick him in there, and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree; the Dryad pushed the door shut; there was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak had ever had an opening in it.



"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it now."

And then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself, and she told him never to say *Dryad* to her again.

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping

near the great oak tree, they heard a sound and then a voice said :

“Let me out ! let me out !”

For a moment the children stood still and then one of the boys exclaimed :

“Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found ! Let’s let her out !”

“What are you thinking of ?” cried the girl. “I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into creeping babies ? Run ! run ! run !”

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes’s mother grew feebler and feebler. One day she fell asleep sitting on the doorstep of the cottage.

The Dryad stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke and, looking up at the sun, she exclaimed :

“Why, it is almost dinner time ! My son will be here, and I am not ready for him.”

And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and the vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

“How a little sleep does refresh one !” she said to herself.

The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there. But, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about the difference in her.

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night-winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my comfortable home in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door.

"How happy they look, sitting there together!" thought the Dryad. "I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And, moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then his mother.

Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a strong woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

The Dryad sped away to the woods as she felt the cool evening wind. When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door.

"Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on, and I want the

comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her.

"Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy at being released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hillside.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again, he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what had become of the Dryad, no one ever knew.

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;

Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

ROBIN REDBREAST

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Good-by, good-by to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here, in coat of brown
And ruddy breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

INDIAN LULLABY

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood ;
Swing thee low and swing aloft ;
Sleep as a papoose should ;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owlet hoots on the tree,
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully.

So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight ;
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night ;
But the little papoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

THANKSGIVING

BOOK OF PSALMS, PSALM 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness : come before his presence
with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us,
and not we ourselves ; we are his people and the sheep of his
pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts
with praise : be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting ; and his
truth endureth to all generations.

A FABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

THE NEW YEAR

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS

M. E. N. HATHAWAY

What does it mean when the bluebird flies
Over the hills, singing sweet and clear?
When the violets peep through the blades of grass?
These are the signs that spring is here.

What does it mean when berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit, and honey bees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees?
These are the signs that summer has come.

What does it mean when crickets chirp?
And away to the Southland the wild geese steer?
When apples are falling, and nuts are brown?
These are the signs that autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short?
When the leaves are gone and the brooks are dumb?
When the fields are white with the drifting snow?
These are the signs that winter has come.

The old stars set and the new ones rise,
And skies that were stormy grow bright and clear,
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round with the changing year.

WINDY NIGHTS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he ;
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ONE THING AT A TIME

M. A. STODART

Work while you work,
Play while you play ;
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might ;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell :

Moments are useless
Trifled away ;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

APRIL

GEORGE MACDONALD

April is here !
There's a song in the maple thrilling and new,
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own blue,
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills,
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills,
There are stars in the meadow dropped here and there,
There's a breath of arbutus in the air,
There's a dash of rain as if flung in jest,
There's an arch of color spanning the west.
April is here !

MAY

GEORGE MACDONALD

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day ;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might ;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring ;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about,
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

BE GOOD, SWEET MAID

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

SMALL SERVICE IS TRUE SERVICE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

NOBILITY

ALICE CARY

Whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

STUDY HELPS

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG (*Page 1*)

When is Memorial Day? After what war was it first observed?

oppressed , treated unjustly	abuse , ill treatment, injury
treaties , signed agreements between nations	anew , over again
	purpose , intend

1. What can the flag do for us when we are in our own country?
2. What when we are traveling in other countries?
3. What messages has the flag for us?
4. What does the American flag mean to you?
5. Why is it honored by every one?

Manner of Giving the Flag Salute

Stand erect, facing the flag. Touch the forehead with the right hand, "I give my head" (place the hand over the heart) "and my heart" (drop the hand to the side) "to my Country — one Country, one Language" (stretch right hand toward the flag) "and one Flag."

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY (*Page 4*)

Flag Day comes on June 14, which is the anniversary of the day in 1777 when Congress first adopted the flag ("the good forefathers' dream").

Read the poem silently. Then listen while some one reads it aloud. Notice how much plainer becomes the beat or rhythm of the poem when it is read aloud. (Do you think this is true of other poems?)

Stanza 1 speaks of the three colors of the flag. Red is often said to stand for bravery, white for purity, and blue for justice.

Gui (gi) don means a guide.

What line in stanza 2 suggests a flag flying out of doors?

In stanza 3 the flag is spoken of as "Old Glory." What other common name for it is given on page 5?

WHAT TO DO FOR UNCLE SAM (Page 5)

Who Is Our Uncle Sam?

Uncle Sam is the spirit of America, just as Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas, or a brownie the spirit of industry and thrift.

patriotism, love of country

seven-league boots. A league is three miles. Seven-league boots are supposed to cover twenty-one miles with each step.

How to be a Good Citizen

sky-scraping buildings. Very tall buildings are often called sky-scrapers.

generous, not close or stingy
coöperation, working together

requirement, what is needed
conform, agree

democracy, government by the people

1. What special rules do your father and mother ask you to keep in your home?
2. How does your keeping each of these make your home a better one?
3. What home rules are school rules, too?
4. What is your favorite game? Tell what would happen in this game if you did not keep the rules, or did not play your part in it.
5. Being a good citizen means doing three things at home, at school, in a game, and in the street. Can you tell what these three rules are?
6. Make a list of prominent citizens in your town, and write next to each name what these men have done or are doing for the town.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES (Page 10)

The Greek myths come to us from very ancient times. Long before stories were written down, they were told to people by singers or storytellers. In this way hero tales were passed from one generation to another. Ulysses is one of the most celebrated of the old heroes, famed for his craft and wisdom.

Ulysses is often called Odysseus (ō dīs'ūs). The great Greek poem by Homer "The Iliad" (īl'ī ād) had Ulysses or Odysseus for its leading figure. He is also the hero of "The Odyssey" (ōd'ī sī), another Greek poem by Homer.

Before reading the story, learn to pronounce these names correctly :

Ulysses, ū līs'ēz

Polyphemus, pōl y fē'mʌs

Ithaca, ith'ā kă

Æolus, ē'ō lās

Menelaus, mēn ē lă'ʌs

Circe, sir'sē

Penelope, pē nēl'ō pē

Mercury, mēr'cū rī

Telemachus, tē lēm'ā kūs

Nausicaa, nau sīk'a ā

Trojans, trō'jānz

Ithaca is a small rugged island west of Greece.

The siege of Troy and the burning of Troy are famous events in early Greek history. The siege lasted for ten years, and it was ten years longer before Ulysses reached Ithaca again.

Notice that Polyphemus was stupid, as all giants are supposed to be, while Ulysses was wise and cunning.

bade, ordered (*pronounced* bād, *not* bāde)

manned a fleet, supplied a fleet with men

burned their huts, a sign that they were not coming back

forehead (*pronounced* fōr'ēd, *not* fōr'hēad)

sacrifices, offerings to the gods

1. Describe Ulysses' appearance.
2. Name some of the deeds of Ulysses that show his cunning.
3. Name some that show his wisdom.
4. Give some facts which show that Ulysses was wiser than his men.
5. Who was the only person who ever heard the song of the sirens and escaped?
6. How did Nausicaa show her royal blood?
7. "The Adventures of Ulysses" may be divided into a number of short stories. Name three or more of these.

MARTIN, THE PEASANT'S SON (*Page 24*)

This is a quaint Russian folk story. Notice that many expressions are unlike ours, as :

"No good can come to you from that"

"Three summers and three winters went by"

"as helpless as a man with one foot tied to his ear"

"three times nine lands"

"the blue sea-ocean"

Explain each of these.

peasant, a countryman, a laborer
ruble, a piece of Russian money
 worth about 50¢ (100 kopecks make
 1 ruble)

First Minister, head officer of the
 kingdom

one round of the sun, one day
transport, carry away
profit, gain
summoned, called
compelled, forced, obliged
instantly, at once

1. How did Martin always bring the twelve youths to his aid?
2. What traits does the Tzar's daughter show?
3. How did she take away Martin's magic power? Why did she do it?
4. What did Martin mean by saying to the Tzar, "The morning is wiser than the evening?"

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW (*Page 33*)

Midsummer Night is the night of the longest day of the year, June 21. On that night only of all the year, fairies and brownies are supposed to be visible to men, and animals to talk with them.

low, a hill or mound

dank, damp

blithe, cheerful

croft, a small field

lint seed, linseed, the seed of flax

dwindling, growing smaller

tow (tō), strands of hemp ready

for spinning

prithce, I pray thee

1. What did Mary mean by "let me have my way"?
2. What frightened the fairy folk away?
3. Name some old-fashioned words in the poem.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT (*Page 37*)

A folk tale of Norway.

displeased, not pleased

rejected, refused

bribed, paid for doing wrong

in triumph, in victory

1. Who are the four important men in the story?
2. Which one was stingy and mean?
3. Which one was greedy and dishonest?
4. Which ones showed the true Christmas spirit?

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW (*Page 43*)

This is a favorite story among Japanese children.

How did the sparrow treat his guests?

In what ways did he treat the kind old man and woman better than he did the cross old woman?

THE YAK (Page 47)

yak , a large ox with very long, wavy hair; often five feet high and weighing as much as half a ton	Tartar , the name of a tribe of people
Tibet , in central Asia	century , a hundred years
	positive , sure

POLLY (Page 48)

A paper poem. How many times is the word "paper" found? Notice that every stanza ends with the same three words.

dolphin (dôl'fin), a large southern fish

THE DUEL (Page 49)

duel, a fight between two persons

Who were the two witnesses of the duel?

Find a word in stanza 1 which means *quarrel*.

Find a different word for *quarrel* in stanza 2.

THE BROOK (Page 63)

A poem full of motion, sound, light, and color. Read it with these ideas in mind. Notice how musical it is. Look for its word pictures.

The poem is by Tennyson and very famous. What other poems by Tennyson do you know of?

grayling , a fish like trout, found in cold, swift streams	shingly bars , banks of coarse gravel
waterbreak , a ripple in the water	cresses , water plants
hazel covers , hazel bushes overhanging the bank	

1. What pictures does stanza 2 give? Stanza 6?
2. What suggests quiet in stanza 5?
3. What stanza suggests night?
4. What lines beginning with "flow to join the brimming river" are found three times in the poem?

5. Select words which suggest :

motion (as, *slip*)

sound (as, *chatter*)

light and color (as, *sunbeam*)

THE BATH OF THE BIRDS (Page 64)

There is in Part I of this selection something of the musical rhythm of "The Brook."

Read what is said on page 292 under "The Fairies of the Caldun Low" about Midsummer Night.

eddies, water moving in a circle

recollect, remember

zigzag, this way and that

miserly, stingy

treacherous, seemingly good but

really the opposite

subdued, toned down

flaunting color, gaudy color dis-

played

defiant, bold

impostor, cheat

1. Name some of the brook's friends.
2. How can a brook be "broken to pieces against a stone"?
3. What did the grasshopper say about ants? Give an Æsop's fable of which this reminds you (Kendall Third Reader, page 5).
4. Name all the birds mentioned.
5. What mischief-maker spoiled the birds' meeting? How did he do it?
6. What had the hawk to do with the mischief?

DANIEL BOONE: AN AMERICAN PIONEER (Page 75)

The story of Boone is divided into nine parts or chapters. The Study Helps are divided in the same way. Each part should be used with the chapter of the same number.

I. William Penn is perhaps the most famous Quaker. He was a wealthy Englishman. His meeting with the Indian tribes was held on the last day of November, 1682.

charter. Each group of men who came to America had to get a paper from the English ruler giving them permission to settle. Such a paper was called a charter.

colony. A settlement was called a colony.

wampum, beads made of shells, used by Indians as money, and also as pledges of good faith.

II. four hundred acres. Your school grounds are probably but two or three acres.

expert marksman, a good shot

1. Boone did not go to school. Where did he get his education?
2. How was his education like that of an Indian boy?
3. How was it better?
4. Did his education fit him for his future life?

III. stock, the animals of a farm, sometimes called "live stock"
sentinel, a watchman



THE WILDERNESS ROAD

1. Do you think the Boones enjoyed their long journey?
2. What would some of their discomforts be?
3. What did they have to eat on the way?

IV. 1. Describe Boone's cabin in your own words.

2. How many rooms did it have?
3. Where did Mrs. Boone cook?
4. What did she cook?
5. What dishes did she have?
6. Why did Boone dislike crockery plates?

V. 1. Do you think the five men who went home were wise or foolish to go? Why?

2. Why did Daniel not hunt while Squire was away?
3. Explain his escape by means of a grapevine. What must the southern grapevine be like?
4. Why were the Indians unwilling to take a jump of sixty feet if Daniel was?
5. Which of Boone's two escapes from Indians interests you more?
6. Write a little story of one of these adventures. Call your story "A Leap for Life" or "Swinging on a Grapevine."



BOONESBOROUGH

VI. accomplished, done
 Cherokees, chĕr ō kĕz'
 Shawnese, shaw nĕz'
 blazing the tree trunks,
 chipping off a piece of bark
 on each tree to mark the way
 site, location
 porthole, a small opening
 through which to shoot
 fraught with peril, full of
 peril or danger
 encountering, meeting
 1. Boone planned to do
 three things before settling
 Kentucky. What were these?

2. Was his plan well thought out?
3. Did he carry it out well?
4. If a plan is well thought out and well carried out, is it likely to succeed?

VII. cane-brakes, a large patch of growing canes, such as fishing rods are made of.

By what clever idea was Boone able to reach the three girls so soon?

VIII. Sheltowee, shĕl tō ē'

Black Fish was very angry with his "son" for running away. He could not understand what he thought treachery.

What part of this chapter shows Boone's skill in hunting?

What part shows his great strength and endurance?

IX. Why was Boone so famous in his old age?

Do you think he deserved to be famous?

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM (*Page 97*)

1. Were the men of Gotham

kind?
friendly?
good thinkers?
lovers of animals?
good-tempered?
able to plan well?
generous?
good-natured?

Explain from one of the stories why you answer each as you do.

2. Give some queer expressions which the men of Gotham use (as, "A vengeance on them all!").

PICCOLA (*Page 104*)

Celia Thaxter wrote "Spring," in the Kendall Second Reader, page 200, and "Wild Geese" in the Third Reader, page 277.

"Driving the wolf from the door" is a common expression which means that people are starving.

"Stole to her shoe." In some countries shoes are put out for gifts on Christmas Eve, instead of stockings. "Stole" here means go without noise. Look in the fifth stanza of "The Brook," page 63, for "steal" used in the same sense.

In what country did Piccola live?

What did she call Santa Claus?

I SAW THREE SHIPS (*Page 105*)

1. In this carol of four stanzas, there are but six different lines.
2. What are they?
3. Which lines are repeated twice?
4. Which four times?

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE (*Page 106*)

King Philip was a powerful Indian chief who was hostile to English settlers. The events of the story occurred in 1675, which was the year of King Philip's War. This was about sixty years after the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, and about sixty years before Daniel Boone was born.

rank powder-smoke. Rank means offensive to smell or taste (here, smell).

1. What pleasant pictures of Colonial life does this story give?
2. What difference do you find between your own way of living and that of Mary and Benjamin?
3. What is the climax or point of the story?

Suggestion. — At Christmas time many children dip bayberry candles from bayberry wax in the old-fashioned way.

THE TWELVE MONTHS (Page 114)

1. What paragraph on page 115 refers to the four seasons?
2. What does "A spoiled child listens to nothing" (page 119) mean?
3. What does the last paragraph mean?
4. What things about this story remind us of Cinderella?

THE STORY OF THE MONTHS (Page 121)

May be read by your own class or acted for others. If necessary, one child may take several parts. For a simple entertainment given to another class the play may be given without costumes.

pantomime (not -mine), silent acting, without speech

A CREED (Page 128). GOOD HEALTH (Page 128)

These two contain the same idea in different ways. Learn the creed after reading "Good Health."

"Creed" means what we believe.

Express "Preach less and practice more" in other words.

Memorize:

1. Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.
— *Benjamin Franklin.*
2. When you play, play hard;
When you work, don't play at all. — *Theodore Roosevelt.*
3. If I rest, I rust. — *Found on an old key.*

NORSE STORIES (Page 133)

Read what is said about myths on page 290 under "Ulysses."

The Norse myths have much in them about nature, as thunder, rainbow, frost, fire.

Before reading the stories, learn to pronounce these names correctly :

Asgard, äs'gård

Odin, ô'din

Valhalla, väl hăl'ä

Thor, thôr

Mjolnir, mî ôl'nér

Loki, lô'kê

Thrym, thrîm

Freya, frä'ä

Jotunheim, yô'töön hîm

Skrymir, skri'mêr

Mitgard, mît'gård

THE HOME OF THE NORSE GODS (Page 133)

mead, a drink made of honey

Olympus, a mountain which was the home of the Greek gods. "The Olympus of the northern gods" was, of course, Asgard.

HOW THOR LOST AND WON HIS HAMMER (Page 134)

frost giants, spirits of winter

envious, wishing for the good

fortune of others

supremely, completely

array, dress

girdle, worn around the waist

What were Thor's three weapons?

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR (Page 141)

Read what is said of Longfellow on page 300.

challenge, invitation to fight

sorcerers, magicians

withstand, stand against

gauntlets, gloves

wield, use or handle

affrighting, frightening

Jove, king of Olympus

SKRYMIR THE GIANT (Page 142)

hulking, clumsy

lairs, beds of wild beasts

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER (Page 147)

Found in *Through the Looking-Glass*. Tweedledee recited the poem to entertain Alice, who, after he had finished, called the walrus and the carpenter "both very unpleasant characters."

quantities, a great amount

beseech, beg

briny, salt (from the salt water which washed up on it)

dismal, sad

Would you call this a Nonsense Rhyme?

Give your reasons.

THE BOGGARTS WHO BECAME BROWNIES (*Page 152*)**boggart** (bɔg'ɔrt)**humbly**, meekly**loiter**, move slowly, loaf**favorite saying**, a saying is a proverb

1. What did the tailor think about children?
2. What did the grandmother think?
3. Which was right?

POEMS OF LONGFELLOW (*Page 161*)

The poet Longfellow was said to be "the most widely beloved of living men." He is living no longer, but his verses still live in the hearts of those who read them. We like to read aloud and recite many of his poems because they are so musical.

"He knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him."

— *Said of Longfellow by Whittier.*

THE WINDMILL (*Page 161*)**granite jaws**, the millstones**flail**, a jointed stick for beating grain from the ear

1. How did the "granite jaws" devour the grain?
2. What are the "sails" mentioned in stanza 3?
3. What lines in stanza 4 show that it did not matter to the windmill from what direction the wind blew?
4. Explain how the miller "feeds me with his hands."
5. How did the windmill make its master "lord of lands"?
6. Give other words for

aloft

fling

din

maize

foe

within

7. How many lines are there in each stanza? Which ones rhyme?
8. Draw a picture of the windmill as the poem makes it look to you.

RAIN IN SUMMER (*Page 162*)**mimic fleets**, toy boats**turbulent**, not quiet, in a tumult**ingulfs them**, swallows them up**tawny**, dull yellowish brown

1. When is rain most beautiful (stanza 1)?
2. What is meant by "the fiery street"? "the overflowing spout"?

3. Find five words in stanzas 2 and 3 which describe the swift motion of the rain.
4. Why did the boys make "more than their wonted (usual) noise and commotion"?
5. Copy and learn stanza 1.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG (Page 163)

1. Where was the arrow found?
2. Where was the song found?
3. How did the poet find the song?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (Page 164)

lower (rhymes with "hour"),
 be dark
raid, attack
turret, tower
banditti, robbers
scaled the wall, climbed it

Bishop of Bingen. It is a legend that many years ago there was a famine in Bingen. The poor people crowded to the granaries of Hatto, their Bishop, to ask for food. He told them to gather in his barn.

When they were inside, he locked the door, set fire to the barn, and burned them all, calling them "rats that were good for nothing but to devour the corn."

The next day rats began to torment him. He fled to a stone tower on the other side of the Rhine River, but the rats swam across by thousands and attacked him and ate him up.

1. What time of day is "between the dark and the daylight"?
2. What were the names of Longfellow's three little girls?
3. What do the last two stanzas mean?

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS* (Page 166)

A ballad, or story poem. The wreck described was a real wreck, which occurred one stormy December night near Longfellow's summer home at Nahant, Massachusetts, on a reef called Norman's Woe.

schooner, a sailing vessel
skipper, master of a vessel
bear him company, be his companion
veering flaw, changing wind
Spanish Main, a name given to

the mainland of Spanish America (part of South America)
smote amain, struck with force
reef, a chain of rocks
sheathed, having a covering
stove, broke

1. Read the lines in stanza 6 that show how rough the water was.
2. What two things did the skipper's daughter hear? (first two stanzas on page 168).
3. What was the light that she saw? (third stanza on page 168).
4. What was the sign of danger mentioned in the last stanza on page 168?

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH (*Page 170*)

Near Longfellow's home in Cambridge was a blacksmith's shop under a large chestnut tree. The blacksmith was Dexter Pratt. Longfellow knew Mr. Pratt well and wrote "The Village Blacksmith" about him. When the chestnut tree was at last cut down, the wood was made into an armchair for Longfellow. The children of Cambridge paid for the chair and gave it to him on his seventy-second birthday. After that, every child who visited the poet was given a copy of "The Village Blacksmith" and allowed to sit in the armchair.

sinewy, strong
brawny, powerful

attempted, tried
wrought, worked

1. Read lines that tell how the blacksmith looked. (stanzas 1 and 2).
2. Had he any debts? (stanza 2).
3. What lines in stanza 3 and stanza 7 show that he was industrious?
4. Why do the children like to visit him? (stanza 4).
5. Why does his daughter's singing make him sad? (stanza 6).
6. Why is Longfellow thankful to the blacksmith? (last stanza).

WASHINGTON'S FIRST SERVICE FOR HIS COUNTRY

(*Page 172*)

French and English colonies. There were French and English settlements in America, as well as those of Spain, Holland, and other countries. Many quarrels occurred between the different colonies, especially between those belonging to France and England.

Governor Dinwiddie. At this time Virginia belonged to England, and its governor was appointed by the English king.

interpreter, one who translates for people who talk together in different languages

investigations, what he had found out

1. What was Washington's age at the time of his first service for his country?
2. What hardships did he have on this journey?
3. What were the two times when his life was in danger?
4. Describe a raft.
5. In what ways does Washington's journey remind you of Daniel Boone?
6. Was Washington older or younger than Boone? (first paragraph and page 78).

HOW A CORPORAL WENT TO SCHOOL (*Page 175*)

corporal, the lowest officer. He is next to a private.

breastwork, a defense

strode, walked with strides or long steps

Explain how the corporal went to school and what his lesson was.

HOW WASHINGTON LOOKED (*Page 178*)

six feet two. How many inches?

frills, ruffles worn at the bottom of the sleeve

queue, a braid of hair worn behind

How was Washington's dress different from that of to-day?

THE LITTLE COOK'S REWARD (*Page 178*)

Lord Cornwallis, commander-in-chief of the English "red coats"

militia, men of a town or city who are not regular soldiers, but are used at special times

escort of four outriders, men who rode beside the coach

cavalcade, a procession of horses and carriages

hospitality, kindness to guests or strangers

1. Describe Washington's coach.
 2. How did he travel when tired of the coach?
 3. What did Betsy Brandon give him for breakfast?
 4. Which of the three stories about Washington interests you most?
- Can you tell why?

THE BOY WHO SAVED THE SETTLEMENT (Page 182)

valiant exploit, brave deed
 swarthy, of dark complexion
 eloquence, forceful speech
 sparsely, not thickly
 Puget Sound, on the Pacific
 coast, in Washington
 permanent shelter, lasting
 venison, deer meat
 dexterous, skillful
 immigration, going into a country
 — the opposite is *emigration*, going
 out of a country
 expel or exterminate, drive out or
 destroy
 simultaneous, at the same time
 hamlet, a small group of houses

painted warriors. Indians put on
 "war paint" when fighting.
 besieged, those who were sur-
 rounded and were attacked
 assailants, those who attacked
 relinquishing, giving up
 stubbornly, without yielding
 impotent, with no power
 get his bearings, find out where
 he was
 vigilant, watchful
 methodical, having a method
 gesticulating, making motions
 ignominious, dishonorable
 former, latter (opposites), first
 mentioned, last mentioned

1. How long ago did this brave deed take place?
2. How could the whites, though so much fewer, keep the Indians away all day?
3. Describe the boy's method of liberating the fleet.
4. How did the tide help him out? (page 185).
5. What would probably have happened if young Goodman had not taken the canoes?

DUTY (Page 189)

North Sea, east of the British
 Isles
 poking its sharp nose. What
 shape was the island?
 stand off, a sea term meaning to
 keep at a distance

swirling, whirling
 snug, comfortable
 cog wheels, wheels with cogs or
 teeth
 extricate him, get him out
 reticent, silent

1. Read the sentence on page 189 which describes the storm.
2. Find from the story:

At what rate in seconds the light revolved.

How the light was reached from below.

What noise decided Mary Manners to turn the light herself.

How she did it.

How she and David signaled for help from the shore.

A STORY OF THE CHICAGO TUNNEL (*Page 195*)

crib, a sort of sunken pier
engineer. This does not mean a railroad engineer.
as the trip grew longer (page 196). Why?
quicksand, wet soft sand, dangerous to step on

THE WIND AND THE MOON (*Page 202*)

took to his revels once more, went back to his merrymaking
hallooed (-lōōd), shouted
matchless, cannot be equaled or matched
radiant, shining brightly
marvel of power, wonderfully powerful
blare, a loud harsh tone like that of a trumpet

1. Explain :

- "the Moon grew slim" (stanza 4)
- "she thinned to a thread" (stanza 5)
- "the thread was gone" (stanza 6)
- "the Moon-scap the broader grew" (stanza 8)

2. Read the lines which give the most beautiful description of the moon (third stanza on page 204). What is the moon called here?

3. What boast does the wind make? (next to last stanza)

4. Is this true? (last stanza)

5. How is Macdonald's story like the fable of "The Wind and the Sun"? (Kendall First Reader, page 110)

6. What lines in each stanza rhyme?

7. What lines in each stanza end with the same word?

8. Find several different expressions for what the wind did, as :

"He blew a great blast" (stanza 6).

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT (*Page 205*)

Dick Whittington was an English boy. His story is partly a legend, but for the most part true. He was a poor boy who came to London to seek his fortune, worked for the Fitzwarrens, became a rich merchant and Lord Mayor of London, and was knighted by the king for his services.

ACT I

gold off of the streets. Dick does not speak correctly. Notice that Mr. Fitzwarren is correct in his answer.

What unpleasant names did the cook call Dick?

What did she mean by saying to him, "If work you must, then work you shall"?

ACT II

counting-room, the room in which a merchant does business

venture, an old-fashioned word

Bow Bells, Bow Church is a London church

What things did the servants and clerks venture?

ACT III

Barbary, the north coast of Africa

cat. Five hundred years ago cats were much scarcer than now, and were unknown in remote parts of the world

Aye, aye, sir, the usual way for a sailor to receive an order. "Aye" means *yes*

poot. What was the queen trying to say?

ACT IV

Ends somewhat like Act II.

What difference is there in Dick's condition now?

Is what the Bow Bells said more likely to come true?

ACT V

The king was King Henry V.

Sire, a title of respect used only in speaking to royal persons; more respectful than *sir*

victories. King Henry was victorious in battles with the French.

What compliments were exchanged between King Henry and the Lord Mayor?

TRAVEL (Page 217)

In this poem Stevenson lets his readers travel with him over the whole Eastern world, so different from our own.

lonely Crusoes building boats, referring to Robinson Crusoe

mosque, a Mohammedan place of religious worship

minaret, the tower of a mosque

bazaar, a group of shops in an Eastern town or city

palanquin (pāl ǎn kēn'), a sort of covered carriage carried on men's shoulders

the Great Wall round China. Called "one of the seven wonders of the world." It was built many years ago for military defense. It borders the northern boundary of China for 1250 miles, is 20 feet high and about as thick. There are towers all along the top.

Nile, a famous Egyptian river

GEMILA, THE CHILD OF THE DESERT (Page 219)

Before reading the story, learn to pronounce these words:

Gemila, jěm'y lá

Ahmet, ä'mět

Abdel Hassan, äb'děl hās'sŏn

Sheik Hassein, shěk has sĭn'. A

Alee, ä'lē

Sheik is an Arab ruler

Arab, ä'r'äb, *not* ä'räb

Simel, sĭm'el

crimson, dark red

scarlet, bright red

morocco, leather made from goat skin

palm trees. When these are seen on the desert, the Arab knows that he has found water.

1. Describe Gemila's home and its furnishings.
2. Name some of the things she eats.
3. Why do the Arabs move so often?
4. How did the family prepare for their journey?
5. How did they look as they traveled?
6. When is their traveling done?
7. Describe the caravan they met.
8. What does the story tell about goats; camels; horses?
9. Mention some Arab customs which are different from ours.
10. In reading the story of Gemila, do you feel the peace and stillness of a desert life?

ON THE DESERT (Page 228)

horizon, where land or water seems to meet the sky

scraggy, lean and bony

the blear and simmering atmosphere, the hazy, hot air

Does this poem make you feel as though you were on the desert?

A CHINESE SCHOOL (Page 229)

From Arabia we go to another Eastern land, China, which has more people in it than any other country.

Confucius (cŏn fŭ'shŭs), a great Chinese religious teacher

THE LADY WHO PUT SALT IN HER COFFEE (*Page 237*)

chlorate, klō'rāt
 potassium, pō tās'ī ūm
 bichlorate, bī clō'rāt
 magnesia, māg nē'zhī ā
 tartaric, tār tār'īk

hyposulphate, hī pō sūl'fāt
 marjoram, mār'jō rām
 basil, bāz'īl
 valerian, vā lē'rī ōn

THE FLOWER SCHOOL (*Page 242*)

Tagore lives in India. Such fanciful ideas as are in this prose-poem seem strange to us, but are usual among the people of India.

THE FLAX (*Page 243*)

Hans Christian Andersen was a Danish writer. His fairy stories are known to every child. A favorite name for him in his own country was "King of Fairy Tales."

snurre, snōō'rī
 Bassellure, bās sēl ōō' rī

hackled, combed out with long
 iron teeth

Give the adventures of the flax in your own words.

A RIDDLE (*Page 249*)

Explain each line of this tree riddle.

PLANTING A TREE (*Page 250*)

James Russell Lowell was an American poet and a friend of Longfellow.

venture the suggestion, make the suggestion
 hither, to this place
 pausing, stopping

1. What do we call the day, in late April or early May, set in most of our United States for planting trees?
2. Read again "Appleseed John" (Kendall Third Reader, page 211).

WHAT DO WE PLANT (*Page 250*)

What is the first stanza about?

What parts of a ship are mentioned?

keel, the principal timber of a vessel, which supports the frame
keelson (kēl'sŭn), timbers fastened to the keel
knee, a piece of timber shaped like a man's knee

What is the second stanza about?

What parts of a house are mentioned?

rafters, the sloping timbers of a roof
studding, upright supports for a house
lath, a thin, narrow piece of wood
siding, the outside covering of a wooden house

What two tall things are mentioned in the third stanza?

crag, a steep, rugged rock
out-towers the crag, towers up taller than the crag

HOW LEIF ERICSSON DISCOVERED VINELAND (*Page 251*)

Before reading this story, read again "The Home of the Norse Gods,"
 page 133.

skald (sköld), a Norse reciter or singer

Iceland, the **Faroes** (fā'rōz), the **Shetlands**. Islands between Greenland and Norway. Find them on the map. Because the islands were there as stopping places, Norsemen could make the long voyage to Greenland, and Greenlanders could journey to Norway.

thrall, a slave or servant

Ericsson, son of Eric

1. Read the description of Leif Ericsson's dress the night he attended King Olaf's feast (page 252).
2. Why did he call the land he had discovered Vineland?
3. Why were the Greenlanders so glad to get lumber?
4. What did they mean by saying, "Surely you must have plundered Asgard," when they first tasted the grapes?
5. What qualities in the Norsemen make us admire them?

THE MILLER OF THE DEE (*Page 258*)

About King Henry VIII of England.

hale, healthy

doffed, took off

river Dee, an English river

1. Why does King Henry envy the miller?
2. Why is the poor miller happy, while the king is sorrowful?

ROBIN REDBREAST (*Page 281*)

Explain: "the garden smiling faintly"
"ruddy breastknot gay"
"The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts."

INDIAN LULLABY (*Page 282*)

coyote (ki'öt), the prairie wolf, noted for its loud and continued howling at night

PSALM 100 (*Page 282*)

psalm, a sacred song or poem

One of the books of the Bible is made up of 150 of the old Hebrew psalms.

A FABLE (*Page 283*)

Fables are meant to teach us lessons in the form of stories. What lesson did Emerson intend to teach here?

CHRISTMAS BELLS (*Page 284*). THE NEW YEAR (*Page 284*)

Poems about the bells of Christmas and New Year.

WINDY NIGHTS (*Page 285*)

Read lines in the poem which sound like galloping hoofs.

APRIL (*Page 287*)

What lines in this poem refer to birds?

What lines refer to flowers?

What line refers to mist?

What lines refer to April showers?

MAY (*Page 287*)

In this poem May is spoken of as a person.

What did May make the brook do? The birds? The bees and butterflies? The trees?

Why is May called "life-giving"?

BE GOOD, SWEET MAID (*Page 288*)SMALL SERVICE IS TRUE SERVICE (*Page 288*)

These were both written in children's albums.

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